

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 235.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1821.

PRICE 8d.

## Review of New Books.

### BALLANTYNE'S NOVELIST'S LIBRARY.

Volumes II and III. Smollett. *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Humphrey Clinker*, *Count Fathom*, *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, and the Translation of *Don Quixotte*.

WHEN the first volume of this work was published in January last, we described its form, and enumerated its attractions, namely, the typography of Mr. James Ballantyne's Border Press, good and concise arrangement of the text in double columns like a Magazine, and introductory memoirs of, and remarks upon, the authors, by Sir Walter Scott. From the prefix to Fielding's novels we selected some most interesting extracts, and from the present "prefatory matter" to Smollett, we think we shall be able to draw something not less agreeable to our readers. But before we do this, we wish to say a few words on the projector of this edition of our novelists, whose premature death within so short a period after the commencement of his design, has given a sad instance of the instability of human affairs, and we may add, a severe shock to social life among the numerous circles in which he shone with no mean lustre. Mr. John Ballantyne, born in the town of Kelso, Roxburghshire, was the son of respectable parents engaged in a mercantile line. He enjoyed the advantages of that sort of tuition which is, greatly to the benefit and honour of the country, so readily to be obtained in Scotland. We allude to the instruction which the Grammar School, established in every parish, affords an opportunity of receiving at a very moderate charge; and which has not only been the foundation for higher attainments, but the sole system of study enjoyed by many a one who has reflected eminent credit on the literature of his native land. Here, perfectly informed in the useful branches of education which fit individuals for active pursuits, or well grounded in languages, whether of modern date for the intercourse of the world, or of antiquity for the labours of learning, the young Scot lays in those stores and acquires those habits which in after years are exhibited so conspicuously in the man of business or the scholar. In academic shades, or by private devotion, the polish and deeper intricacies of classic lore may be superadded; but in no part of the universe can so much solid and competent knowledge be gathered as in these admirable institutions, which are open to every class, and within the reach of all but the very poorest.

In his youth, the subject of this sketch

displayed great readiness and facility, and sufficiently indicated that smartness of talent and ability which distinguished him at a riper age. While still a young man, his mind was turned to literary concerns by the establishment of a provincial newspaper, *The Kelso Mail*, which was begun by his elder brother James, which he subsequently conducted, and which is still edited by his younger brother. The celebrity which Mr. James Ballantyne's improvements in printing soon obtained, opened a wider sphere of action, and the family removed to, and settled in, Edinburgh. The extensive publications in which the Border Press has since appeared, are the best proof of the wisdom of this measure; but the ever-active mind of John Ballantyne was not to be confined to the college of the printing-house; he embarked largely in the bookselling trade, and afterwards in the profession of an auctioneer of works of art, libraries, &c. His share in the famous Scottish Novels was also a source at once of occupation and emolument: perhaps no person knew more surely than he did who was the writer of these renowned works. For the last few years, a declining state of health compelled him to relinquish several of his plans, and he travelled upon the continent in search of that restoration which he was destined never to find. Retiring from the metropolis to a seat in the country near "fair Melrose," the edition of the English Novelists was undertaken as an easy occupation, to divert the languor of illness, and fill up those vacancies in time which were likely to contrast with the former habits of busy life. The trial was brief. While flattering himself with the hope that his frame was reinvigorated by change of air and exercise, this gentleman died about six weeks ago, in the prime of his days. He was, we believe, about the age of forty-five.

Mr. Ballantyne married, at an early age, Miss Parker, a beautiful young lady, and a relative of Dr. Rutherford, author of the *View of Ancient History* and other esteemed works, (to whose memory we would fain pay a grateful tribute, for to him the writer of this was indebted in boyhood for that direction of his faculties to literature, which has been the source of much of his happiness). Of this union there are no children to deplore the loss of a father.

Mr. Ballantyne, in his temper and acquirements, was formed to be the delight of society. He sung admirably, was full of original wit and repartee, and perhaps was rarely surpassed in the felicity with which he related anecdotes, or told tales of humour. It was from him that Mathews got his exquisite old Scotchwoman, and, exqui-

site as it is, there are many who held the prototype to be at least no ways inferior to the masterly imitator. The company of such a person was naturally much courted, and the convivial habits of the north were possibly not the best suited to his delicate constitution. Vulgar dissipation was below his notice, but even the pursuit of finer pleasures is fatal to the invalid. Much esteemed and much regretted, leaving a great blank in the literary and social sphere in which he moved, the lively and intelligent editor of the work which heads this article, has anew pointed the moral that neither vivacity of heart nor intellectual powers can resist the stroke of fate, though aimed at the epoch when the physical strength of man is most surely relied on to withstand the blow.

The prefatory memoir to these volumes by Sir Walter Scott, to which we mean to confine ourselves, consists of forty-two pages. The account of Smollett is principally selected from the biographies of Drs. Moore and Anderson; but as the most prominent facts are generally known, we shall not follow the thread of the relation, but rather quote such passages as are interesting from displaying the opinions of the writer on literary topics on which he is so high an authority. The following remarks on the publication of *Peregrine Pickle* in 1751, are of this order.

"The splendid merit of the work itself was a much greater victory over the author's enemies, if he really had such, than any which he could gain by personal altercation with unworthy opponents. Yet by many his second novel was not thought quite equal to his first. In truth, there occurs betwixt *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle* a difference, which is often observed betwixt the first and second efforts of authors who have been successful in this line. *Peregrine Pickle* is more finished, more sedulously laboured into excellence, exhibits scenes of more accumulated interest, and presents a richer variety of character and adventure than *Roderick Random*; but yet there is an ease, and simplicity in the first novel which is not quite attained in the second, where the author has substituted splendor of colouring for simplicity of outline. Thus, of the inimitable sea-characters, Truncheon, Pipes, and even Hatchway, border upon caricature; but Lieutenant Bowling and Jack Rattlin are truth and nature itself. The reason seems to be, that when an author brings forth his first representation of any class of characters, he seizes on the leading and striking outlines, and therefore, in the second attempt of the same kind, he is forced to make some distinction, and either to invest his

personage with less obvious and ordinary traits of character, or to place him in a new and less natural light. Hence, it would seem, the difference in opinion which sometimes occurs betwixt the author and the reader, respecting the comparative value of early and of subsequent publications. The author naturally prefers that upon which he is conscious much more labour has been bestowed, while the public often remain constant to their first love, and prefer the facility and truth of the earlier work to the more elaborate execution displayed in those which follow it. But though the simplicity of its predecessor was not, and could not be, repeated in Smollett's second novel, his powers are so far from evincing any falling off, that in *Peregrine Pickle* there is a much wider range of character and incident, than is exhibited in *Roderick Random*, as well as a more rich and brilliant display of the talents and humour of the distinguished author."

The subjoined strong and admirable observations on Count Fathom, are applicable to too large a portion both of the prose and poetry of our day, to be perused without a good result.

"To a reader of a good disposition and well-regulated mind, the picture of moral depravity presented in the character of Count Fathom is a disgusting pollution of the imagination. To those, on the other hand, who hesitate on the brink of meditated iniquity, it is not safe to detail the arts by which the ingenuity of villainy has triumphed in former instances; and it is well known that the publication of the real account of uncommon crimes, although attended by the public and infamous punishment of the perpetrators, has often had the effect of stimulating others to similar actions. To some unhappy minds it may occur as a sort of extenuation of the crime which they meditate, that even if they carry their purpose into execution, their guilt will fall far short of what the author has ascribed to his fictitious character; and there are other imaginations so ill regulated, that they catch infection from stories of wickedness, and feel an insane impulse to emulate and to realize the pictures of villainy which are embodied in such narratives as those of *Zeluco*, or *Count Fathom*."

[or *Byron*, or *Shelley*, or the minor apostles of depraved description.]

On Smollett's continental tour after the loss of his daughter, Sir Walter observes, "Nature had either denied Smollett the taste necessary to understand and feel the beauties of art, or else his embittered state of mind had, for the time, entirely deprived him of the power of enjoying them. The harsh censures which he passes on the *Venus de Medicis*, and upon the Pantheon; and the sarcasm with which his criticisms are answered by Sterne, are both well known. Yet, be it said without offence to the memory of that witty and elegant writer, it is more easy to assume, in composition, an air of alternate gaiety and sensibility; than to practise the virtues of generosity and benevolence, which Smollett exercised during his whole life, though often,

like his own Matthew Bramble, under the disguise of peevishness and irritability. Sterne's writings show much flourish concerning virtues of which his life is understood to have produced little fruit; the temper of Smollett was,

"— like a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly."

From the concluding remarks we think the subjoined selections will be read with gratification:—

"The person of Smollett was eminently handsome, his features prepossessing, and, by the joint testimony of all his surviving friends, his conversation in the highest degree instructive and amusing. Of his disposition, those who have read his works (and who has not done so?) may form a very accurate estimate; for in each of them he has presented, and sometimes under various points of view, the leading features of his own character, without disguising the most unfavourable of them. Nay, there is room to believe, that he rather exaggerated than softened that cynical turn of temper, which was the principal fault of his disposition, and which engaged him in so many quarrels. It is remarkable, that all his heroes, from *Roderick Random* downward, possess a haughty, fierce irritability of disposition, until the same features appear softened, and rendered venerable by age and philosophy, in *Matthew Bramble*. The sports in which they most delight are those which are attended with disgrace, mental pain, and bodily mischief to others; and their humanity is never represented as interrupting the course of their frolics. We know not that Smollett had any other marked failing, save that which he himself has so often and so liberally acknowledged. When unseduced by his satirical propensities, he was kind, generous, and humane to others; bold, upright, and independent in his own character; stooping to no patron, [he] sued for no favour, but honestly and honourably maintained himself on his literary labours; when, if he was occasionally employed in work which was beneath his talents, the disgrace must remain with those who saved not such a genius from the degrading drudgery of compiling and translating. He was a doting father and an affectionate husband; and the warm zeal with which his memory was cherished by his surviving friends, shewed clearly the reliance which they placed upon his regard. Even his resentments, though often hastily adopted, and incautiously expressed, were neither ungenerous nor enduring. He was open to conviction, and ready to make both acknowledgment and allowance when he had done injustice to others, willing also to forgive and to be reconciled when he had received it at their hand."

"Fielding and Smollett were both born in the highest rank of society, both educated to learned professions, yet both obliged to follow miscellaneous literature as the means of subsistence. Both were confined, during their lives, by the narrowness of their circumstances,—both united a humorous cynicism with generosity and good nature,—

both died of the diseases incident to a sedentary life, and to literary labour, and both drew their last breath in a foreign land, to which they retreated under the adverse circumstances of a decayed constitution, and an exhausted fortune."

"Their studies were no less similar than their lives. They both wrote for the stage, and neither of them successfully. They both meddled in politics; they both wrote travels, in which they shewed that their good humour was wasted under the sufferings of their disease; and, to conclude, they were both so eminently successful as novelists, that no other English author of that class has a right to be mentioned in the same breath with Fielding and Smollett."

"If we compare the works of these two great masters yet more closely, we may assign to Fielding, with little hesitation, the praise of a higher and a purer taste than was shewn by his rival; more elegance of composition and expression; a nearer approach to the grave irony of Swift and Cervantes; a great deal more address or felicity in the conduct of his story; and, finally, a power of describing amiable and virtuous characters, and of placing before us heroes, and especially heroines, of a much higher as well as pleasing character than Smollett was able to present."

"Every successful novelist must be more or less a poet, even although he may never have written a line of verse. The quality of imagination is absolutely indispensable to him: his accurate power of examining and embodying human character and human passion, as well as the external face of nature, is not less essential; and the talent of describing well what he feels with acuteness, added to the above requisites, goes far to complete the poetic character. Smollett was, even in the ordinary sense, which limits the name to those who write verses, a poet of distinction."

"He was, like a pre-eminent poet of our day, a searcher of dark bosoms, and loved to paint characters under the strong agitation of fierce and stormy passions. Hence, misanthropes, gamblers, and duellists, are as common in his works, as robbers in those of *Salvator Rosa*, and are drawn, in most cases, with the same terrible truth and effect."

"Upon the whole, the genius of Smollett may be said to resemble that of *Rubens*. His pictures are often deficient in grace; sometimes coarse, and even vulgar in conception; deficient too in keeping, and in the due subordination of parts to each other; and intimating too much carelessness on the part of the artist. But these faults are redeemed by such richness and brilliancy of colours; such a profusion of imagination—now bodying forth the grand and terrible—now the natural, the easy, and the ludicrous; there is so much of life, action, and bustle, in every groupe he has painted; so much force and individuality of character, that we readily grant to Smollett an equal rank with his great rival *Fielding*, while we place both far above any of their successors in the same line of fictitious composition."

Having read this memoir, we are of opinion that another course of Smollett's novels may be taken with an augmented relish.

*Poems, and Translations from Schiller, 8vo. pp. 346. London, 1621.*

RUMOUR ascribes this volume to Sir Wm. Gomm, who is, we fancy, a better arranger of numbers in the field than in poetry. He possesses elevated sentiment and a fine perception of beauties, but he is very deficient in the means of expressing the one, or of explaining the other. His language is abrupt, and his versification unpolished: the former often renders the sense doubtful, and the latter mars good thoughts by the want of harmony. Words, too, are used for what the construction of the English language does not warrant; and, taken altogether, we suspect that the author has rather the mind and the ambition, than the practical powers of a poet.

The original pieces consist of "Lines to the first Anniversary of Waterloo" (in which glorious victory the author appears to have had a share), and several minor productions. These are followed by the translations. From the lines on Waterloo, we shall quote only two stanzas, the best we can find, descriptive of the morning after the battle.

— "Morn breaks upon the frightful waste;—  
— O War!—how hideous dost thou show,  
Stripp'd of the circumstance that graced,  
The fervour quell'd, the sacred glow!—  
O, sight of horror!—sight of woe!  
— Bloody Ambition!—could not Fate,  
That wrought thy whirlwind Overthrow,  
Some portion of its price abate?

O! for a charm to rouse from sleep,  
As yesternorn, by trumpet breath,  
The associates of yon mangled heap,  
That so o'ercharge the subject heath!  
Scorn they the call that summoneth?  
They do not mock; they ne'er shall rise;  
And those that closest clasp in death,  
Living, were darkest enemies."

Our author is one of the boldest personifiers we ever met with; he carries the figure to a ludicrous excess. The following, however, is an example of merit:

*"To the French Triumphant Column in the Place Vendôme, at Paris.*

"WELL hast thou brav'd the storm! Pillar of state!  
Proudly thou shootest forth thy crest elate;  
And thy bright panoply still seems to rise  
Mid-way to heaven, and glads a nation's eyes;  
What though the idol-form be headlong hurled,  
That from thy summit frowned o'er half a world,  
And dashed to earth?—What though thy  
gorgeous base  
Stand mutilate of many a precious trace,  
Indelible to all—save Envy's touch,  
Yet spring'st thou radiant from his poisonous  
clutch;  
Still peer'st thou forth—majestic and the sape,  
And haughtily thy folds the immortal tale  
proclaim!  
And what dost thou proclaim? What tidings  
tell,  
Of feats that challenge heaven to parallel,

And mortals to revere?—Vain-glorious pile!  
Stern monument of woes—and strife—and  
guile!

Ambition's eagle flight—by Fraud sustain'd;  
Foul Treason, with an Empire's ravage stain'd;  
And dark Ferocity, with Rapine yoked;  
And Constancy, abjured, when best invoked;  
—Lo!—such the theme thy blazonry records,  
The spell that from thy head the thunder  
wards!

Such the dread lesson in thy sculpture wrought,  
To stir the soul, and prompt the aspiring  
thought!

—But all inscrutable the ways of Heaven!—  
Even thou, perchance, in sovereign bounty  
given;

Even thou for noblest purpose art design'd;  
Pledge of the peace and welfare of mankind!  
For since the clouds have left thy airy brow,  
Mysterious change its placid smiles avow;  
And there be some, whose vision can descry,  
From thy tall summit, streaming to the sky,  
Not the dim halo that was wont to shine,  
But a bright beacon-blaze, of source divine;  
Not half so bright, of yore, the warning  
brand

That hailed the pilot from Egyptian strand;  
Not half so dire the perils threaten'd there,  
As frown in this portentous meteor's glare;—  
—Alas!—such hazards will its gleaming trace,  
As, brav'd—have rocked an Empire from its  
base;

—Yet more;—on Meditation's trance profound,  
Still breaks a voice from out thy hollow round,  
Not as ere-while, with deafening clamour  
sent,

But tones oracular seem newly lent,  
Far other than the Pythian breathed of old;  
Precept sublime the solemn notes unfold;  
And ne'er might consecrated fane impart  
Such stubborn counsel to the stern in heart!  
—Hail, then, Memorial of crest-fallen Pride!  
Long be thy beacon-light the nation's guide!  
Oft be that warning voice prophetic heard;  
And thou, Palladium-like, o'er Earth revered!"

The beginning of the next poem is also in a fine tone.

*"Lines written after a visit to the Hotel des Invalides, at Paris, in 1816, while the Allies were removing the Models of the Fortresses from their Repository.*

"The appearance of an old Invalid suggested them.

"ALAS!—for the spring that once lifted this  
frame!

And the spirits that soared with our banners  
of old!

But the leaders are sleeping that marshalled to  
fame,

And the blood in these veins, ere this hour,  
bath ran cold!

Else, the home of our fathers had never been  
stained

By the foot-steps of those who have bowed to  
their laws;

Nor the old man's asylum by robbers profaned,  
Till one mourner had sunk, heart and hand,  
in their cause!

Oh! why hath my dream of repose been in-  
vaded;

Musing feats that are hallow'd in History's  
page?

Or why are the laurels long-gather'd thus  
faded,

Twining greenly till now round the temples  
of age?

Though dejected by Fortune—young spirits  
rebound;

Though sullied—the garland of Youth may  
re-bloom;

Never more for the Aged a wreath shall be  
found;

But the blighted this hour, shall encircle his  
tomb.

Oh! that yesterday's sun on my rest had  
descended;

(Fit emblem of those who have journeyed my  
path!)

That in regions of peace we our laurels had  
blended;

Ere the lightning had sped, the last remnant  
to scathe!"

Lines to a hunted hare, page 68, et seq. strike us as being very weakly and mawkish, though we confess that we do not entirely comprehend them.—For instance,

— "Like some fond heart the world has broke,  
Not sullied with its taint;

And unrepining at the stroke;—  
Even so thy beam was spent!"

Poor wretch! thou little dreamed'st, in life,  
Begirt with human foes,

That one inured to scenes of strife  
Thy requiem should compose!—

But, little boots it thee or thine,  
This pause of late lament;

Since it will scarce one breast incline  
From rapine to relent!"

Pegasus, at page 80, is an odd mixture of sacred and profane allusion.

"The horse! the horse! that peer hath none;  
The winged horse of Helicon!—

Fast besides Apollo's fane  
Exults the steed of heavenly strain,

Prompt to bear the climber higher,  
The votary that dares aspire.

— Hark!—he shouts!—the welkin rings!  
Rapture rides upon his wings!

—He shall catch, with tranced ears,  
The harmonies that bind the spheres,

And nearest wander to the hill.  
And throne of the unsearchable!"

There are some vigorous couplets in a poem on the birth of the Duke de Bordeaux;

but we can only afford room for a short specimen of them.

— "Child of the dead! above whose tomb  
The first thou art of flowers that bloom!

Sole of a nation's growth that springs  
To the bright heirdom of her kings!

—Bourbon!—whose natal hour to blast,  
A shroud about thy sire was cast!

Wreck'd at thy birth, upon the shore  
Stain'd—freshly stain'd—with parents gore!

— What hail shall memory give to thee?  
How greet thine opening destiny?"

We can but admit one example of the translations.

*"Norwegian Dirge.*

"On the sod behold him seated,  
Comely and upright;

With the look wherewith he greeted,  
Ere he left the light.

But the grasp of hand, where is it?  
Where the breathing found?

That to hail the mighty Spirit,  
Swell'd the pipe with sound?

Where the sight, as falcon's keen,  
That traced the rein-deer through,

Number'd his steps, o'er wavy green,  
Or early-printed dew?

Those limbs, that with a flight more free,  
Bore him through the snow,

Than impels the stag of springs,  
Or the mountain roe;



Those arms that to the bow-string's twang  
 Their vigour oft addressed ;—  
 Lifeless now behold them hang,  
 Nerveless, and at rest.  
 — Well parted !—where he sojourns now,  
 Is snow no longer found,  
 But May, with flowers that ever blow,  
 Embalms his dwelling round.  
 Where not a spray its songster lacks,  
 Where thick the forests teem  
 With growth that early hunter tracks,  
 And bounds with life the stream.  
 There above he feasts with Spirits,  
 Left us here in gloom,  
 That we celebrate his merits,  
 And his bones inhume.  
 Hither be the last gifts hurried,  
 Bid the death-song peal !  
 Nought with him remain unburi'd  
 That may bring him weal.  
 Be the battle-axe his pillow,  
 That so stout he swung,  
 Haunch of bearing be its fellow,  
 Since the way he long.  
 And the knife, with edge repaired,  
 Through whose frequent help  
 Skull of foeman he hath bared,  
 Parting hair and scalp.  
 Colours too, the body's vesture,  
 Place within his hand ;  
 That he walk with added lustre  
 In the Spirits' land."

*An Olio of Bibliographical and Literary anecdotes and Memoranda, original and selected.*  
 By William Davis. London, 1817, pp.150.

Our attention has been turned to this book by the later publication from the same pen, on which we pronounced so favourable an opinion in our last No. but one; and though it is inferior in research and interest to the "Journey round the Bibliomaniac's Library,"\* it nevertheless contains a very pleasing miscellany of literature, and deserves to be more extensively known. The deep-read veteran may not discover in it much of which he is ignorant, but both the tyro and general reader will find, not only entertainment, but novelty and information in its pages. Without further introduction, we shall select a few quotations to illustrate this remark.

"Mrs. Macauley's Loose Thoughts.—Mrs. Macauley having published, what she called loose thoughts, Mr. Garrick was asked if he did not think it a strange title for a lady to choose? 'By no means,' replied he, 'the sooner a woman gets rid of such thoughts the better.'

"Erratum.—Beneath the word *Finis*, at the end of some very stupid book, a wit added the following pointed couplet:

'Finis! an error, or a lie, my friend!  
 In writing foolish books there is no end.'

The following is the conclusion of some notice respecting Sterne, and a sketch of the life of his valet Le Fleur, who was a native of Burgundy, kept a cabaret in Calais, and a frequent visitor to England as a courier, serjeant, or other character requiring zeal and diligence.

"In addition to La Fleur's account of

himself, the writer of the preceding obtained from him several little circumstances relative to his master, as well as the characters depicted by him, a few of which, as they would lose by abridgment, I shall give *verbatim*.

"There were moments," said La Fleur, 'in which my master appeared sunk into the deepest dejection—when his calls upon me for my services were so seldom, that I sometimes apprehensively pressed in upon his privacy, to suggest what I thought might divert his melancholy. He used to smile at my well-meant zeal, and I could see was happy to be relieved. At others—he seemed to have received a new soul—he launched into the levity natural *à mon pays*,' said La Fleur, 'and cried gaily enough, *Vive la Bagatelle!*' It was in one of those moments that he became acquainted with the Grisette at the glove-shop; she afterwards visited him at his lodgings, upon which La Fleur made not a single remark; but, on naming the *fille de chambre*, his other visitant, he exclaimed, 'It was certainly a pity, she was so pretty and *petite*.'

"The lady mentioned under the initial L. was the Marquise Lamberti: to the interest of this lady he was indebted for the passport which began to make him seriously uneasy. Count de B. (Bretueil) notwithstanding the Shakespeare, La Fleur thinks, would have troubled himself little about him. Choiseul was minister at the time.

"Poor Maria—was, alas! no fiction—'When we came up to her, she was grovelling in the road like an infant, and throwing the dust upon her head—and yet few were more lovely! Upon Sterne's accosting her with tenderness, and raising her in his arms, she collected herself and resumed some composure—told him her tale of misery, and wept upon his breast—my master sobbed aloud. I saw her gently disengage herself from his arms, and she sung him the service to the Virgin, my poor master covered his face with his hands, and walked by her side to the cottage where she lived,—there he talked earnestly to the old woman.'

"Every day," said La Fleur, 'while we stayed there, I carried them meat and drink from the hotel, and when we departed from Moulins, my master left his blessings and some money with the mother. How much,' added he, 'I know not—he always gave more than he could afford.'

"Sterne was frequently at a loss upon his travels for ready money. Remittances were become interrupted by war, and he had wrongly estimated his expenses—he had reckoned along the post-roads, without adverting to the wretchedness that was to call upon him in his way.

"At many of our stages my master has turned to me with tears in his eyes—'These poor people oppress me, La Fleur! how shall I relieve me?' He wrote much, and to a late hour. I told La Fleur of the inconsiderable quantity he had published—he expressed extreme surprise. 'I know,' said he, 'upon our return from this tour, there was a large trunk completely filled with papers.' 'Do you know any thing of their tendency, La Fleur?' 'Yes—they

were miscellaneous remarks upon the manners of the different nations he visited, and in Italy he was deeply engaged in making the most elaborate inquiries into the differing governments of the towns, and the characteristic peculiarities of the Italians of the various states.'

To effect this he read much; for the collections of the patrons of literature were open to him; he observed more. Singular as it may seem, Sterne endeavoured in vain to speak Italian. His valet acquired it on their journey; but his master, though he applied now and then, gave it up at length as unattainable.—'I the more wondered at this,' said La Fleur, as he must have understood Latin.'

The assertion, sanctioned by Johnson, that Sterne was licentious and dissolute in conversation, stands thus far contradicted by the testimony of La Fleur. 'His conversation with women,' he said, 'was of the most interesting kind; he usually left them serious, if he did not find them so.'

"The Dead Ass—was no invention—the mourner was as simple and affecting as Sterne has related. La Fleur recollected the circumstance perfectly."

"Bentley's (Wm.) *Historical Account of Halifax and its Gibbet Law*. 12mo. 1708, &c.—Dr. Samuel Midgley was the real author, and wrote this work to support himself while confined in Halifax gaol for debt, where he continued till his death in 1695. He was prevented by poverty from printing it himself, and after his death, Bentley, who was clerk of Halifax church, claimed the honour of it.

"The law, of which an account is given in this work, was peculiar to Halifax, and granted in the reign of Henry VII. It was enacted, that if any felon be taken within the liberty of the forest of Hardwick, with goods stolen within the said precincts, either hand-haband, back-berand, or confessed, to the value of thirteen pence halfpenny, he shall, after three market days within the town of Halifax, next after his apprehension, trial, and conviction, be taken to the gibbet, and there have his head cut from his body. The gibbet, which was entirely removed some years since, was freely used against robbers of tender grounds, who were the principal sufferers by this law. The last execution was in 1650, the bailiff being threatened with a prosecution if he repeated them. In construction, the gibbet was similar to the guillotines used by the French fanatics during the revolution, and happy had it been for the French nation, if they had been employed only for the like purposes."

"Robert Recorde, an English Mathematician of the 16th Century.—To this ingenious man we are indebted for the first treatise in Algebra, then named the *Cosic Art*, in the English language. In a book which he wrote on arithmetic, he is styled *Teacher of Mathematics, and Practitioner in Physic*, at Cambridge.

"It was for some ages the custom among the Moors, and after them among the Europeans, to unite the title, as well as the practice of Medicine, with those of che-

\* See note at the end of this article.

mistry, alchymy, mathematics and astrology. It is remarkable, that as the Moors were not less famous in Europe for their skill in medicine than their dexterity in calculation, the terms of physician and algebraist appear at first to have been regarded as almost synonymous. When the bachelor Samson Carrasco in Don Quixote, in his rencounter with the knight, was thrown from his horse, and had his ribs broken, they sent in quest of an *Algebrista* to heal his bruises.

"The first part of the arithmetic above-mentioned was published in 1552, the second in 1557, under the title of *The Whitestone of Witte, which is the second part of Arithmetike; containing the Extraction of Rootes; the Cossike practise, with the Rule of Equation; and the Works of Surde numbers*. The book is a dialogue between the master and the scholar, and treats of figurate numbers, extractions of the square and cube roots, &c. Then follow algebra, or Cossike numbers, and the rule of equation, commonly called *Algeber's rule*. Here the character = is employed for the first time to signify equality. Recorde says, *'And to avoide the tedious repetition of these wordes is equal to: I will sette down as I doe often in worke use, a pair of parels, or gemme lines of one length, thus =: because noe 2 thynges are more equalle.'*

"The dates of the original editions of Milton's Works, with some other particulars respecting that author.

## PROSE WORKS.

"Of Reformation in England; of Prelatical Episcopacy; of Church Government; Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectynus, 1641. An Apology for Smeectynus, 1642. Areopagitica; the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce; the Doctrine, &c. of Divorce, much augmented, a second edition; the Judgment of Martin Bucer, concerning Divorce; of Education, 1644. Tetrachordon; Colasterion, 1645. Observations on the Articles of Peace; Eikonoklastes; Tenure of Kings; the same, second edition, 1649. Eikonoklastes, a second edition, much enlarged; Tenure of Kings, a new edition, with some additions, 1650. Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio; the same in folio, editio emendatior; the same in 12mo.; Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio, Antwerp, 1651. Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio, Antwerp; Defensio secunda, 12mo. Hagae-Comitatum; Joannis Philippi angli Responsio, 12mo. Lond. 1652. Defensio secunda, 12mo. Hagae-Comitatum, 1654. Pro Defensio, 12mo. Hag. Comitum; Scriptum Dom. Protectoris reipublice Anglie, &c.; 1655. The Cabinet Council, containing the chief arts of Empire, by the ever-renowned Knight Sir Walter Rawleigh. Published by John Milton, Esq. 12mo. Printed by Newcomb, 1658. Literæ, Senatus Anglicani necnon Cromwelli, &c. nomine, conscriptæ, 12mo; Considerations to remove hirelings out of the Church, 12mo.; a letter concerning the Commonwealth, 12mo.; a ready and easy Way to establish a Commonwealth; a Treatise of Civil Power, 12mo. 1659. Accidence commenced Grammar, 12mo.; Brief Notes upon a Sermon, 1660. Aphorisms of State, a Tract of Sir Walter Rawleigh's, 8vo. 1661. Accidence commenced Grammar, 1669. The History of Britain, 1670. The same, 1671. Artis Logice Institutio, 1672. Of Education, printed at the end of

his poems, 8vo.; Artis Logice Institutio, editio secunda, 12mo.; of true Religion, 12mo. 1673. Epistolarum Familiarum Liber, 8vo; Declaration of the Poles, 1674. The Historie of Muscovia, 8vo. 1682. Eikonoklastes, 8vo. Amsterdam, 1690. Eikonoklastes, traduite de l'Anglois, sur la seconde et plus ample edition; et revüe par l'auteur; à Londres, par Guill. Dugard, imprimeur, du Conseil d'Etat l'an 1652, 12o. Letters of State, 12mo. 1676. Translated into English 1694.

## POETICAL WORKS.

"Poems, 12mo. 1645. Paradise Lost, in ten Books, 1667. The same, 1668. The same, with the argument, and address to the reader, from S. Simons; The same, without the address, 1669. Paradise Regained, and Samson Agonistes, 8vo. 1671. Paradise Lost, in twelve books, without the address, 1672. Poems, with the Tractate on Education, written above twenty years since, 8vo. 1673. Paradise Lost, in twelve books, second edition, 8vo. 1674. The same, 1675. The same, 1678. Paradise Regained, and Samson Agonistes, 1680.

"All the preceding editions, except those marked otherwise, are in Quarto.

"Milton experienced some difficulty in getting his poem of Paradise Lost licensed, the licenser imagining that, in the noble simile of the sun in an eclipse, he had discovered treason. It was, however, licensed, and Milton sold his MS. to Samuel Simons, April 27th, 1667, for an immediate payment of five pounds, with a proviso that on 1,300 copies being sold, he was to receive five pounds more; and the same for the second and third editions.

"The first edition appeared in 1667, in ten books, small quarto, advertised at 3s. plainly bound; but as it met with no very quick sale, the titles were varied in order to promote its circulation—thus the edition of 1667 is frequently found with the titles of 1668 and 1669.

"In two years, the sale of the poem gave the poet a right to his second payment, the receipt for which was signed April 26th, 1669.

"The second edition was printed in 8vo. 1674, but the author did not live to receive the stipulated payment. The third edition was published in 1678. The copy right then devolving to Milton's widow, she agreed with Simons to receive eight pounds for it; this agreement was concluded, and the receipt signed, December 21st, 1680. Simons transferred the right for twenty-five pounds, to a Bookseller named Brabason Aylmer, and Aylmer sold half to Jacob Tonson, August 17th, 1683, and the other half at a price considerably advanced, March 24th, 1690.

"Dr. Bentley, for his edition of Milton in 1732, received one hundred and five pounds, and

"Dr. Newton, for editing the Paradise Lost, received six hundred and thirty pounds, and for Paradise Regained, one hundred and five pounds.

"Baron, for revising the edition of Milton's Prose Works, 2 vol. 4to. received 10l."

In 1660 the King's proclamation was issued, "for calling in and suppressing of

two books written by John Milton, the one intituled, *Johannis Miltoni Angli pro Populo Anglicano Defensio, contra Claudii Anonymi alias Salmasii Defensionem Regiam*; and the other in answer to a book intituled, *The Portraiture of his Sacred Majesty in his Solitude and Suffering*; and also a third book, intituled, *The Obstructors of Justice*, written by John Goodwin."

"*Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland to a Friend in London*. 2 vol. 8vo. London 1754.—The author of these letters was one Birt, an understrapper commissary, who, as is natural to such people, was in his own opinion, a man of great consequence. Major Hepburn of Aldercon's regiment, mentioned at Madras an anecdote of Birt, which I think happened at Inverness. Birt giving himself some consequential airs, said 'He represented his Majesty.' Upon which a dry Scot replied, 'Hoot mon! you represent his Majesty!—He, God bless him, is muckle better represented on a bawbee.'

"*The newe Attractive, containing a short discourse of the Magnes or Lodestone, and amongst other his vertues, of a new discovered secret, and subtle propertie, concerning the declyning of the Needle, touched therewith, under the plaine of the Horizon*. Now first found out by ROBERT NORMAN, Hydrographer. Small 4to. Imprinted at London, by John Kyngston, for Richard Ballard, 1581.

"This scarce Tract is the production of Robert Norman, who first discovered what is called the dipping of the Needle, and which discovery this work was intended to promulgate. As this curious work is very little known, a synopsis of its contents will, perhaps, not be deemed uninteresting.

"The 1st. Chapter treateth—Of the Magnes or Lodestone, where they are to be found, and of their colours, weight and vertue in drawing iron, or Steele, and of other properties of the same stone.

"2nd. Chap. Of the divers opinions of those that have written of the attractive point, and where they have imagined it to be.

"3rd. Chap. By what means the rare and straunge declyning of the Needle from the plaine of the Horizon was first founde.

"4th. Chap. How to finde the greatest declyning of the Needle under the Horizon.

"5th. Chap. That in the vertue of the Magnes or Lodestone, is no ponderous or weightie matter, to cause any suche declyning in the Needle.

"6th. Chap. A confutation of the common received opinion of the point Attractive.

"7th. Chap. Of the point respective, where it maie bee by greatest reason imagined.

"8th. Chap. Certaine proofes of the power and action, wholie and freele beeyng in the stone, to shewe this pointie respective, and in the Needle, by vertue and power received of the stone, and

not forced, or constrained by any attraction in Heaven or Yearth.

"9th. Chap. Of the variation of the Needle from the pole or axletree of the Earth, and how it is to be understood.

"10th. Chap. Of the common Compasses, and of the divers different sortes and makynge of them, with the inconveniences that maie growe by them, and the plattes made by them.

"After which followeth, A Table of the Sun's Declination, and three other Astronomical Tables.

"The body of the Work, with the Tables, occupy 62 pages, printed with black or old English letter; exclusive of which, at the beginning are, a dedicatory epistle, an address to the Reader, and the Magnes or Lodestone's Challenge, which latter will be no unwelcome guest, after the preceding dry recital of contents.

#### "THE MAGNES, OR LODESTONE'S CHALLENGE.

Give place, ye glittering sparkes,  
Ye glimmering sapphires bright,  
Ye rubies redde, and diamonds braue,  
Wherein ye moste delight.

In breefe, ye stones inricht,  
And burnisht all with golde,  
Set forth in lapidaries shoppes  
For jewells to be solde.

Give place, give place, I saie  
Your beaultie, gleame and glee  
Is all the vertue for the whiche  
Accepted so you bee.

Magnes, the Lodestone, I,  
Your painted sheathes defie,  
Without my helpe, in Indian seas,  
The beste of you might lie.

I guide the pilot's course,  
His helping hande I am,  
The mariner delights in me,  
So doeth the marchant man.

My vertue lyes unknown,  
My secrets hidden are,  
By me, the court and commonweale  
Are pleased verie farre.

No shippe could saile on seas,  
Her course to runne aright,  
Nor compasse shewe the readie waie,  
Were Magnes not of might.

Blush then, and blemishe all  
Bequeath to me that's dewe,  
Your seates in golde, your price in plate,  
Which jewellers doe renewe.

It's I, it's I, alone  
Whom you usurpe upon,  
Magnes by name, the Lodestone call'd,  
The prince of stones alone.

If this you can denie,  
Then seeme to make reple,  
And let the painfull seaman judge  
The whiche of us doeth lie.

#### THE MARINER'S JUDGMENT.

The Lodestone is the stone,  
The onely stone alone,  
Deserving praise above the rest,  
Whose vertues are unknowne.

#### THE MARCHANTE'S VERDICT.

The sapphires bright, the diamonds braue,  
Are stones that beare the name,  
But flatter not and tell the troth,  
Magnes deserves the fame.

"Nash's (T.) Collections for the History of Worcestershire, 2 vol. folio, London, 1781, with a supplement, 1799.—Doctor Barton being in company with Nash soon after the publication of his two heavy folios, the warden humorously observed to the Doctor, that his publication was deficient in several respects.

"Dr. Nash, as was but natural, endeavoured to defend his volumes in the best manner he was able. 'Pray, Doctor, are you not a Justice of the Peace?' 'I am,' replied the Doctor. 'Then' says Barton 'I advise you to send your Work to the House of Correction.'

"Anecdote for Antiquarians.—Pine, the Engraver and Herald, used to relate the following anecdote of Dr. Stukely.

"As the Doctor and some other curiosos, among whom was Mr. Pine, were visiting certain antiquities in Hertfordshire, they came to a place called Cæsar's stile, situated on the brow of an eminence. No sooner was the place named, than the Doctor stopped all of a sudden, and after an attentive survey of the neighbouring ground, pronounced it to be directly the scite of a fortified pass, which Cæsar had left behind him in his march from Covey-Stakes to Verulam. Some of the company demurring against this opinion, a debate arose, and an aged man, a labourer, coming up, the Doctor asked him, with great confidence, 'whether that was not called Cæsar's Stile?' 'Aye, master,' said the old man, 'that it is, I have good reason to know it, for many a day did I work upon it for old Bob Cæsar, rest his soul, he lived in yonder Farm, and a sad road it was before he made this Stile.'

"Library Arrangement.—Rimsky Korsakof, a Serjeant in the Guards, who succeeded Zoritz, in the affections of Catharine the Second, Empress of Russia, gave the following order to his Bookseller: 'Fit me up,' said he, 'a handsome library, little books above and great ones below.' Similar to the above was the answer of the present possessor of a large library to the demand of the person who was employed to arrange it, as to the manner in which he would have it classed; 'Range me,' replied he, 'the grenadiers (folios) at bottom, battalion (octavos) in the middle, and light bobs (duodecimos) at top.'

Of such materials is this pleasing little Olio composed, and we think the palate must be fastidious that does not relish it.

On this work we have received the following note:

"In your notice of Mr. Davis's 'Journey round the Library of a Bibliomaniac,' I quite agree with you in its superiority over the pippant and inflated trifling of Mr. Dibdin; but Mr. Davis does not seem to have been keen in his search of rarities, or well-informed as to their existence.

"As to the grand and unrivalled work, the Moguntia Bible, the first book printed with types, and of which it is truly said, that for type, ink, paper, and printing, it has never been equalled, so that the first printed book came, like Minerva from the head of Jove, quite perfect; Mr. Davis enumerates some of those who possess copies in England, but not

all. In addition to those in the King's Library, the Bodleian library, Earl Spencer, Sir Mark Sykes, the hon. Thomas Grenville, Mr. Hibbert, and Mr. Perry have copies; Mr. G. Nicol possesses two, one of which is on vellum, truly splendid, estimated at 1,000 guineas.

"Les Serées du Sieur Bouchet,' are by no means rare; they are to be found in the British Museum, and in all the good collections of the Facetie, such as those of Mr. Heber, Mr. Hibbert, Mr. Perry, Mr. Nassau, &c.

"Mr. Davis seems to think the first edition of Joe Miller's Jests, certainly collected by Colonel Mottley, was printed in 1745. This is not the case. Joe Miller died on the 13th August 1738, and the first edition of his Jests was printed and sold by T. Read, in Dogwell-court, White Friars, in 1739. I have a copy of this first edition.

"A COLLECTOR."

#### SIR R. K. PORTER'S TRAVELS.

Persia: Poisonous Bugs—Particulars of the Murder of Mr. Browne—Anecdote of a Prime Minister—Palace at Isphahan.

In former notices of this interesting volume, we had accompanied the author from Moscow to Tabreez, and stated that he was about to leave the latter city in the suite of the prince, Abbas Mirza, who was going to Teheran to celebrate the feast of Nowroose, commencing 21st of March. They set out on the 3rd in grand cavalcade. As the route is well known, we shall only select such particulars occurring upon it, as seem worthy of observation. On the fourth day of their journey, they arrived at Mianna, which Maundeville describes as "lying in the way from Thauriso (Tabreez) towards the East, where no Cristene man may long dwelle, ne enduren with life in that cytee, but dyen within short tyme, and no man knowethe the cause." This was written nearly five hundred years ago; but what was mystery then, has been explained in after-ages." \* \* \* "It is at the hazard of a stranger's life, if the lodgings he is made to occupy be not perfectly fresh and clean; for the town, and its immediately adjacent villages, are infested with a plague, they have found it impossible to eradicate, in the form of a small but poisonous bug. It breeds in myriads in all the old houses, and may be seen creeping over every part of their walls, of the size and shape of the bugs in Europe, only a little flatter, and in colour of a bright red. Its bite is mortal, producing death at the expiration of eight or nine months. Strangers of every sort, not merely foreigners, but persons not usually inhabiting the town and its vicinity, are liable to be thus poisoned; while the people themselves, or the adjacent peasantry, are either never bitten, or, if so, the consequences are not more baneful to them than the sting of the least noxious insect. The fatal effect of this bug, however, upon 'payname,' as well as 'Cristene men,' if they are strangers, being known as an absolute fact, every precaution is taken accordingly by native and foreign travellers."

At Irak the memory of the unfortunate Mr. Browne was still fresh, and the circumstances, which attended this catastrophe, five or six years ago, are detailed with greater preci-



sion, than we have before met with; and therefore, though the public is acquainted with the general fact, we shall make no excuse for extracting this painfully interesting story.

"This gentleman was a man of indefatigable research, with a persevering industry, in acquiring the means of pursuing his object, equal to the enterprising spirit with which he breasted every difficulty in his way. Previous to his going to Persia, he had stopped some time in Constantinople, to perfect himself in the Turkish language; and before he left that city, he spoke it like a native. From a mistaken idea of facilitating his progress amongst the different Asiatic nations through which he might have occasion to pass, in the route he had laid down for himself, he assumed the Turkish dress. Being thus equipped, he set forward, with an intent to penetrate through Khorasan, and thence visit the unexplored and dangerous regions south of the Caspian, closing his researches in that direction at Astrakhan. During the early part of his Persian journey, he had a conference with his Britannic Majesty's ambassador, Sir Gore Ouseley; and at Oujon, was admitted to an audience of the Persian king. So little was danger from attacks of any kind apprehended by the persons best acquainted with the state of the country, that no difficulties whatever were suggested as likely to meet him; and, accordingly, he proceeded in full confidence. Having reached this pass of Irak, he stopped at the caravansary I have just described, to take a little refreshment. That over, he remounted his horse; and leaving his servant to pack up the articles he had been using, and then follow him, he rode gently forward along the mountains. Mr. Browne had scarcely proceeded half a mile, when suddenly two men on foot came up behind him; one of whom, with a blow from a club, before he was aware, struck him senseless from his horse. Several other villains, at the same instant, sprang from hollows in the hills, and bound him hand and foot. At this moment they offered him no further personal violence; but as soon as he had recovered from the stupor occasioned by the first mode of attack, he looked round, and saw the robbers plundering both his baggage and his servant; the man having come forward on the road, in obedience to the commands of his master. When the depredators found their victim restored to observation, they told him it was their intention to put an end to his life, but that was not the place where the final stroke should be made. Mr. Browne, incapable of resistance, calmly listened to his own sentence, but entreated them to spare his poor servant, and allow him to depart with his papers, which could be of no use to them. All this they granted; and, what may appear still more extraordinary, these ferocious brigands, to whom the acquisition of arms must be as the staff of life, made the man a present of his master's pistols, and double-barrelled-gun; but they were English, and the marks might have betrayed the new possessors. These singular robbers then permitted Mr.

Browne to see his servant safe out of sight, before they laid further hands on himself; after which they carried him, and the property they had reserved for themselves, into a valley on the opposite side of the Kizilouzan, and without further parley terminated his existence, it is supposed, by strangulation. They stripped his corpse of every part of its raiment, and then left it on the open ground, a prey to wolves and other wild animals. The servant, meanwhile, made the best of his way towards Tabreez, where he related the tale I have just told.

"Abbas Mirza immediately dispatched several parties of horsemen; some into the pass of the caravansary, to search its neighbourhood, and others towards the spot where the circumstantial details of the man, repeating what he had heard pass between the murderers, made it likely that Mr. Browne was to receive the fatal blow. After diligent search, the body was found in the latter place, in the condition I have described, and by the prince's orders brought carefully to Akhand, and buried with decency. His royal highness made every exertion to discover the perpetrators of this nefarious deed; but to this moment the individuals remain unknown; though hardly a doubt exists, that the people who committed it, were part of some roving and desperate band of Kurds, who could not resist the temptation of an almost solitary traveller."

We believe that suspicions of another kind have been entertained, but as Sir R. Porter does not seem to countenance them, we shall hope they were unfounded.

At Teheran, our countryman visited Mirza Sheffy, the premier of Persia, whose fondness for money and humour are illustrated by a whimsical anecdote.

"His station near the sovereign gives him a kind of reflecting consequence, that makes a nod or a smile from him so full of a similar quality, that it may shed honour *ad infinitum* downwards; graduating dignity, according to its distance from the original fountain of favour. First one happy courtier, and then another, had received these marks of peculiar grace; and, in consequence, became the little center of a temporary adulation from hundreds; many of whom envied the favour they sought to conciliate, even at second or third hand. Amongst the latter order of suitors was a rich, but otherwise inconsiderable individual, who had long attended Mirza Sheffy's levees, without having received the slightest notice; but chancing one day to find the minister alone for a few moments, he seized the opportunity, and thus addressed him:

"I have had the honour of placing myself, for these many months back, in your Excellency's sight, in the midst of your crowded halls, and yet have never had the happiness of receiving a single glance. But if your Excellency would condescend, in the next assembly of your visitors, to rise a little, on my entrance, such a distinction would be the height of my ambition; I should thenceforth be held of consequence in the eyes of the khans. And for this honour, I would give your Excellency a consideration of one hundred tomauns."

"It was an argument this Excellency liked so well, he closed with the proposal, and the time for the solemn investing-dignity was arranged for the next day. The happy man took care not to make his appearance till the divan of the minister was pretty well filled. He then presented himself on the most conspicuous part of the carpet, big with ideas of the ever-growing honours of which that moment was to make him master. He looked proudly round on the rest of the khans, while Mirza Sheffy, half-raising himself from his seat, by his knuckles, and fixing his eyes gravely on him, to the no small astonishment of the rest of the company, exclaimed, 'Is that enough?' The man was so overcome with confusion, he hurried from the room; leaving his distinction and his money alike with the minister; but taking with him the useful lesson, that bought honours are generally paid with disgrace. The laugh for once went without doubt of sincerity, with the great man; and his smiles became of still higher value, since it had been proved that he set them above price."

The account of the Nowroose is exceedingly well drawn out, but as the Literary Gazette went into the subject of Persian festivals on reviewing Mr. Morier's excellent work, we shall not now retrace the lines. Neither will we dwell upon Teheran, nor on the description of the ruins of Rhey, with which the author has enriched his narrative. The south of Persia (which is most picturesquely painted) and other countries to which he turned his steps from Teheran on the 13th of May, furnish matter of still greater novelty. In the beginning, Sir Robert pursued the old track of Chardin in 1686, and found wondrous changes in the habitations of men; cities having become desert, though none have sprung up to replace those which have vanished. Isfahan is fortunately reviving under the protecting hand of the king's second minister, who is its governor. Among its other marvels, the following is deserving of notice, as an illustration of oriental taste and splendor:

"The *Chehel Satoon*, or Palace of Forty Pillars, was the favourite residence of the latter Sefi kings; and certainly, when we turned into the grand avenue, and the palace broke upon us, I thought description was put to silence. Indeed, words can seldom give any thing like a just idea of very intricate objects of sight; but, for the satisfaction of my readers, curious in comparing the taste of times and countries, I shall attempt some detail of this Persian Versailles. The exhaustless profusion of its splendid materials, reflected, not merely their own golden or crystal lights on each other, but all the variegated colours of the garden; so that the whole surface seemed formed of polished silver and mother-of-pearl, set with precious stones. In short, as I said before, the scene might well have appeared an Eastern poet's dream, or some magic vision, in the wonderful tales of an *Arabian night*.

When we drew near, I found the entire front of the building open to the garden; the roof being sustained by a double range

of columns, the height of which measured eleven Persian yards (a Persian yard being forty-four inches); hence they rose upwards of forty feet. Each column shoots up from the united backs of four lions, of white marble; and the shafts of the columns rising from these extraordinary bases, were covered with arabesque patterns, and foliages, in looking-glass, gilding, and painting; some twisting spirally; others winding in golden wreaths, or running into lozenges, stars, connecting circles, and I know not what intricacies of fancy and ingenious workmanship. The ceiling was equally iris-hued, with flowers, fruits, birds, butterflies, and even couching tigers, in gold, silver, and painting, amidst hundreds of intermingling compartments of glittering mirror. At some distance, within this open chamber, are two more pillars of similar taste to the range; and from their capitals springs a spacious arch, forming the entrance to a vast interior saloon; in which all the caprices and labours and cost of Eastern magnificence, have been lavished to an incredible prodigality. The pillars, the walls, the ceiling, might be a study for ages, for designers in these gorgeous labyrinthine ornaments. The floors of both apartments were covered with the richest carpets, of the era in which the building was constructed, the age of Shah Abbas, and were as fresh as if just laid down; there needs no other proof of the purity of the climate. From one angle of the interior chamber, two low folding-doors opened into a very spacious and lofty hall, the sides of which were hung with pictures of various dimensions, most of them descriptive of convivial scenes; and the doors, and panels of the room near the floor, being also emblazoned with the same merry-making subjects, fully declared the purpose of the place. But a very odd addition was made to the ornaments of the wall. Little recesses spotted its lower range, taking the shapes of bottles, flaggons, goblets, and other useful vessels, all equally indispensable; in those days, at a Persian feast. Very different from the temperance which now presides there; and how directly the reverse of the abstemiousness and its effects, that marked the board of the great Cyrus!

"Six pictures of a very large size, occupy the walls of this banquetting-chamber, from the ceiling, to within eight or ten feet of the floor. Four of these represent royal entertainments, given to different ambassadors during the reigns of Shah Abbas the First, *alias*, the Great; of his grandson, Abbas the Second; and of Shah Thamas, or Tamas, as it is sometimes written. The two other pictures are battle-pieces. Every one of these different subjects are portrayed with the most scrupulous exactness, as far as the still life could be copied. The golden vases, and other vessels in the banquetting scenes, with the musical instruments, and every detail in the dresses of the persons present, are painted with an almost Flemish precision. Wine (the peculiar bane of the Sefi race) appears the great vehicle of enjoyment at these feasts; an air of carouse being in all the figures, and the goblets disposed with

the most anacreontic profusion. The guests are also entertained with a variety of dancing-girls, whose attitudes and costumes sufficiently show the second vice of the times, and explain the countries whence they come.

"The warlike pictures are defined with equal nicety; the trappings of the horses, the arms of the heroes, and even to the blood-red wounds of the combatants. One of the battles represents the troops of the valiant Shah Tamas, the First (the son of Shah Ismail, the beginner of the Sefi dynasty) engaging the troops of Sultan Soliman. The Persian king is depicted in the act of cleaving a grim Janisary 'from head to saddle-bow'; and the weapon having nearly reached the last point of its aim, the artist has marked its dreadful journey down the body of the man, with a long red streak, following the royal blade. But, nevertheless, the indivisible Turk continued to sit bolt upright, firm in his stirrups, and as life-like in visage, as the most conquering hero in the piece.

"Ridiculous as the execution of these pictures may be in some respects, they are invaluable as registers of the manners, of the times, of the general aspect of the persons they are designed to commemorate, and of the costumes of the several nations assembled at the feasts, or engaged in the battles. Large turbans, full mustachios, and smooth-shaven chins, were then the fashion in Persia; which has now given place to the high, narrow, black cap of sheep-skin, and the long bushy beard: the latter appendage having been a costume of the empire many centuries before.

"The sixth large picture is of more modern date, and a very sorry specimen of the art indeed."

#### TRAVELS OF COSMO III. IN ENGLAND,

A. D. 1669.

(Continued.)

The principal excursion in which our Tuscan visitor indulged was, a trip to Newmarket races; many particulars of which are singularly illustrative of the manners of the court and nation. We shall quote a few of the passages: "On the morning of the 8th, his highness impatiently endeavoured to get himself exempted from attending the usual religious services, that he might be in good time at the king's house, but found that his majesty had already left Newmarket on foot, to take exercise. On receiving this information, his highness set out in the same manner, with Colonel Gascoigne, Sir—Castiglioni, and his attendants, in that direction in which he heard that the king had walked. He had not gone many paces, before he met his majesty, who returned home, in a plain and simple country dress, without any finery, but wearing the badges of the order of St. George and of the Garter. His highness presented himself to his majesty, and having exchanged compliments, accompanied him to his residence, where they remained in conversation till the horses were got ready, on which they were to ride out again into the country, to take the di-

version of coursing hares, in those open and naked plains. Having spent the remainder of the morning in this amusement, they returned at mid-day, each betaking himself to his quarters; and his highness dined with the gentlemen of his suite. After dinner, the king, with the duke and prince Robert, went on horseback, to a place at a little distance from Newmarket, and amused themselves with the game of tennis, and his highness went out in his carriage in pursuit of the birds called dotterel, which in size and shape resemble a very large lark; they are, for the most part, of a colour inclining to brown upon the back, and under the belly nearly white. Towards evening, on going back to Newmarket, his highness paid his compliments to the king and duke, and returning home, supped alone, at an early hour.

"The following day, the 9th, the sky appeared lowering and cloudy, and threatened rain, which would prevent the horse-races that were to take place on that day; but at sun-rise, the clouds partly dispersed, and the king went into the country, and his highness along with him, to renew the diversion of hare-hunting; the great pleasure of which, in this plain country, is, that being entirely free from trees, it leaves to the huntsman the full enjoyment of seeing the animals without interruption, and observing their subtle flight, and frequent deceptions in turning and doubling round and round, passing frequently by the same place, and retracing their steps. After enjoying this recreation, his highness returned at mid-day, and before going to his own quarters, went to those of the king, and the tables being prepared beforehand, there dined with his highness, my Lord James, Duke of Ormond, steward of his majesty's household; my Lord George, Duke of Buckingham, master of the horse; my Lord Edward, earl of Manchester, chamberlain; my Lord O'Brien, Earl of Thomond; my Lord Germain; the Marquis of Blandford; Bernard Howard of Norfolk; my Lord William Croftes; my Lord Francis Newport, Baron Newport; Sir—Elliot; and the gentlemen belonging to his highness's retinue. At three o'clock, according to the English mode of reckoning, the king and the Duke of York went to Newmarket to see the horse-races, and repaired to the place appropriated to this sport, going to a certain spot which is nearly in the middle of the course, and there his majesty stopped and amused himself with seeing my Lord Blandford and my Lord Germain play at bowls.

"The race-course is a tract of ground in the neighbourhood of Newmarket, which, extending to the distance of four miles, over a spacious and level meadow covered with very short grass, is marked out by tall wooden posts, painted white. These point out the road that leads directly to the goal, to which they are continued the whole way; they are placed at regular distances from one another, and the last is distinguished by a flag mounted upon it, to designate the termination of the course.



The horses intended for this exercise, in order to render them more swift, are kept always girt, that their bellies may not drop, and thereby interfere with the agility of their movements; and when the time of the races draws near, they feed them with the greatest care, and very sparingly, giving them, for the most part, in order to keep them in full vigour, beverages, composed of soaked bread and fresh eggs. Two horses only started on this occasion, one belonging to Bernard Howard, of Norfolk, and the other to Sir — Elliot. They left Newmarket saddled in a very simple and light manner, after the English fashion, led by the hand, and at a slow pace, by the men who were to ride them, dressed in taffeta of different colours; that of Howard being white, and that of Elliot green. When they reached the place where they were to start, they mounted, and loosening the reins, let the horses go, keeping them in at the beginning, that they might not be too eager at first setting off, and their strength fail them in consequence, at the more important part of the race; and the farther they advanced in the course, the more they urged them, forcing them to continue it at full speed. When they came to the station where the King and the Duke of York, with some lords and gentlemen of his majesty's court, were waiting on horseback till they should pass, the latter set off after them at the utmost speed, which was scarcely inferior to that of the race-horses; for the English horses being accustomed to run, can keep up with the racers without difficulty; and they are frequently trained for this purpose in another race-ground, out of London, situated on a hill, which swells from the plain with so gradual and gentle a rise, that at a distance it cannot be distinguished from a plain; and there is always a numerous concourse of carriages there to see the races, upon which considerable bets are made.

"Meanwhile, his highness, with his attendants and others of his court, stopping on horse-back at a little distance from the goal, rode along the meadows, waiting the arrival of the horses, and of his majesty, who came up close after them, with a numerous train of gentlemen and ladies, who stood so thick on horse-back, and galloped so freely, that they were no way inferior to those who had been for years accustomed to the *manège*. As the king passed, his highness bowed, and immediately turned and followed his majesty to the goal, where trumpets and drums, which were in readiness for that purpose, sounded in applause of the conqueror, which was the horse of Sir — Elliot. From the race-ground his majesty, being very much heated, adjourned to his house, accompanied by his highness, and by the greater part of the gentlemen who had come to see the race; and having paid his compliments, his highness departed, retiring to his own lodgings, that he might leave his majesty at liberty, who having rested a little, went out again on foot, and took a walk through Newmarket, and to a short distance out of the town. His highness did the same, and appeared again at court in the evening."

On the ensuing day we have a still more remarkable account of a royal ceremony.

"Cosmo was introduced into his majesty's chamber, who was waiting there till every thing necessary was prepared for the ceremony, which he is accustomed to perform publicly every Friday, that of touching for the king's evil, according to the ancient usage of the first Catholic kings of England, which was handed down to their successors, continued after the apostacy, and preserved to the time of the present king. When his majesty was informed that all was ready, he went from his chamber into a room adjoining, where was placed on a table a cushion, on which lay the Prayer-book, appointed by the Anglican ritual, for the use of his majesty. As soon as he appeared, and at a signal given by him, the two assistant ministers, dressed in their surplices, began the prayers with a great appearance of devotion; his highness standing, while they were read, in another room; from which, when the service was finished, he passed into the room in which those who were afflicted with the king's evil, were assembled, for the purpose of observing the ceremony, from the side of the door which led into the room. A carpet was spread upon the floor, and upon it was a seat, on which the king seated himself, and certain invocations in the English language, taken from the Prayer-book, having been read by one of the ministers, his majesty began the ceremony of touching the patients in the part affected. These were conducted into the king's presence, one at a time, and as they knelt before him, he touched them with both his hands; after which, without interfering with the others who came after them, each returned to his former situation. This being over, the minister, kneeling with all the bye-standers, the king alone remaining seated, repeated some other prayers; after which, all rising, the diseased came again in the same order as before, to his majesty, who put round their necks a ribbon of an azure colour; from which was suspended a medallion of gold, stamped with his own image, in shape and weight resembling an Hungarian sequin. The whole ceremony being ended, the king returned to his chamber, and his highness to his quarters, and dined as usual."

Returning from Newmarket, by Cambridge, we have a rather long account of the ceremonies observed at that place, and of the foundations of the colleges. Thence to Northampton, where Althorp did credit to English hospitality, and Oxford, where the Cambridge matters are repeated, we shall not trace the footsteps of the prince. After passing Henley, he was entertained by Colonel John Nevil, at Billingsbere, where his breakfast is thus spoken of:

"The Colonel's wife and her two daughters, the gentlemen of his highness's retinue, Colonel Nevil, and Henry his brother, sat down to table, and the same formalities were observed as the evening before. They passed some time at table, drinking repeatedly, in several sorts of Italian wine, according to the custom of the country, to the health and happiness of the ladies; and they, in their turn, replied in the most affable manner

to the polite attentions which they had experienced."

Again in London, we find his highness visiting "Mr. Robert Boyle, whose works (he states) have procured him the reputation of being one of the brightest geniuses in England. This gentleman not only reduced to practice his observations on natural philosophy in the clearest and most methodical manner, rejecting the assistance of scholastic disputations and controversies, and satisfying the curiosity with physical experiments, but, prompted by his natural goodness, and his anxiety to communicate to nations the most remote and idolatrous the information necessary to the knowledge of God, caused translations of the Bible into the oriental languages to be printed and circulated, in order to make them acquainted with the scriptures; and has endeavoured still further to lead the most rude and vicious to moral perfection, by various works, which he has himself composed. Indeed, if in his person the true belief had been united with the correctness of a moral life, nothing would have remained to be desired; but this philosopher having been born and brought up in heresy, is necessarily ignorant of the principles of the true religion, knowing the Roman Catholic church only by the controversial books of the Anglican sect, of which he is a most strenuous defender, and a most constant follower; his blindness, therefore, on this subject, is by no means compatible with his great erudition. He shewed his highness, with an ingenious pneumatic instrument invented by himself, and brought to perfection by Christian Huygens of Zuylichem, many beautiful experiments to discover the effect of the rarefaction and compression of air upon bodies, by observing what took place with animals when exposed to it; and hence may be learned the cause of rheumatism, catarrhs, and other contagious disorders produced by air, and of various natural indispositions. It was curious to see an experiment on the change of colours: two clear waters, on being poured into one another, becoming red, and by the addition of another red, becoming clear again; and the experiment of an animal shut up in a vacuum, and the whole exposed to the pressure of the air. There was an instrument which shows of itself the changes of the air which take place in the twenty-four hours, of wind, rain, cold, and heat, by means of a watch, a thermometer, a mariner's compass, and a small sail like that of a windmill, which sets an hand in motion, that makes marks with a pencil as it goes round; there was also another instrument of a most curious construction, by means of which, a person who has never learned, may draw any object whatever. He showed also to his highness, amongst other curiosities, certain lenses of a single glass, worked facet-wise, which multiplied objects; a globe of the moon of a peculiar construction, and several other things worthy of attention. Having gratified his curiosity in the most agreeable manner, and it being now near noon, his highness returned home."

His account of the New Change, among the other sights, is almost as good as that of the

poor heretical philosopher. The journal says, that "on a tour through the city, he went to see the New Exchange, which is not far from the place of the Common Garden (Covent Garden) in the great street called the Strand. The building has a façade of stone, built after the Gothic style, which has lost its colour from age, and is become blackish. It contains two long double galleries, one above the other, in which are distributed, in several rows, a great number of very rich shops of drapers and mercers, filled with goods of every kind, and with manufactures of the most beautiful description. These are, for the most part, under the care of well-dressed women, who are busily employed in work; although many are served by young men, called apprentices, who, in order to qualify themselves for this craft or business, are obliged to serve their master for a certain time, not only in the shop, but in the house, and out of doors, at his discretion; nor can they claim any exemption, except on certain specified days in the year, on which, being freed from all subjection towards their masters, they do whatever they choose; and so great is their number, that, in order to prevent the inconveniences which might arise, the government of the city finds it necessary, by a particular provision, to oblige the heads of the houses in every street to keep on foot a certain number of men, armed with spears, at the head of the street, by way of preventing the insolence of the apprentices on the days in which this freedom is allowed them, which are the Easter and Whitsuntide holidays, and some others, according to the custom of the city; for uniting together to the number of ten thousand (and they are supposed to amount to that number or more) they divide themselves into separate parties, and spread over the different quarters of the city, meditating and frequently accomplishing the annoyance of the public, as it may suit their fancy, taking confidence from their numbers, and from the cudgels which they hold in their hands (the carrying any other sort of weapon being prohibited) and this they push to such an extent, that it frequently happens, that the authority of my Lord Mayor has not been able to restrain their headstrong rashness; and even towards this magistrate they have not unfrequently failed in proper respect, and have treated him with contempt and derision."

(To be Continued.)

### Literature and Learned Societies.

#### SPAIN.

SOME extracts from the *Guia de Forasteros en Madrid* for 1821.—Though this small pamphlet of 146 pages, of which twenty-five are filled with the genealogies of the reigning families of Europe, does not contain such information as might be expected from a well-digested work of the description, and though the omissions are numerous, we conceive it will not be out of place if we select a few detached notices to illustrate this publication. It begins with a chronological list of the Kings of Spain.

Then follows a list of the deputies to the Cortes. It seems that the Cortes have not set the example of limiting the swarms of persons in office, who in Spain have lived in idleness, and drained the country. Merely for the editing of the *Diario de las Cortes*, there are a director, four editors (redactores) twelve short-hand writers, three correctors, and three writers.—The knights of the order of the Golden Fleece, of whom Duke Albert of Saxony (28th November, 1738) is the senior, and the Duke of Cadiz (20th May, 1810), and Louis of Bourbon (9th July, 1820) are the two youngest.—The Grand Crosses of the order of Charles III. are 129 (the Commanders and Knights are not enumerated)—St Ignatius de Loyola, who was made Grand Cross in 1817, is not in the list, but several foreigners, e.g. Lord Exmouth, Prince Hardenberg, Prince Gortschakoff, who certainly have not sworn to the immaculate conception of the mother of God. The Order of Queen Maria Louisa consists of 112 ladies. The American order of Isabella the Catholic, counts sixty-four Grand Crosses. Next come the Cardinals of the Roman Catholic Church, the Archbishops and Bishops of Spain, the Council of State, the Ministers, the Spanish Ministers at Foreign Courts, and the Foreign Ministers at Madrid. After these come most of the public institutions, from which we select the following:

#### ACADEMIES.

Academia Espanola.  
Academia de la Historia.  
Academia de Nobles Artes.  
Academia Medica de Madrid.  
Sociedad Economica Matritense.  
Colegio Nacional de Surdo-Mudos, (which has numerous officers, but no funds.)  
Catedra de Economia Politica.  
Escuela de Taquigrafia.  
Grabado y Estampado de Musica.  
Escuela de Disecado de Animales.  
Escuela de Ensenanza mutua.  
Academia Nacional de ambas Jurisprudencias.  
Academia Nacional de Sagrados Canones, Liturgia, Historia y Disciplina Ecclesiastica.  
Academia Latina.  
Academia de Teologia Dogmatica Escolastica de St. Tomas de Aquino.

The National Library, with eight Librarians, &c. The Estudios de S. Isidro, where Greek, Hebrew and Arabic are taught; the Hydrographical board of Works; the Museum of Natural History, with professors of Botany, Agriculture, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Astronomy, Physics, and Zoology, and the establishments for publishing the *Flora de Santa Fé de Bogota*, and of the *Flora of Peru and Chili*; the National Printing Office, with which the publishing of the *Gaceta de Gobierno* is united, in which four editors are employed.

The Junta Suprema de Sanidad del Reino; the National School for the Practice of Medicine; the Medical College of Madrid; the National School of Surgery; the National School of Pharmacy; the Schools of Surgery at Barcelona, Burgos, Santiago, Malaga, those of Pharmacy at Santiago, Seville and Barcelona. In each of these Provinces there is an economical, or agricultural society. The book concludes with some data respecting

the benevolent institutions at Madrid. The Santa Real Hermandad de Nuestra Senora del Refugio y Piedad, has relieved 2,373 poor, with 48,500 reals (a real is about six pence); has paid 14,140 reals for masses for souls, and expended in all 411,725 reals. The Real Hermandad de Nuestra Senora de la Esperanza has disbursed 80,069, of which 11,563 reals for pregnant unmarried women, for clothing, or travelling expenses for young women desiring to return to their relations, &c. The Real Association de Caridad del Buen Pastor, which provides for both the bodily and spiritual comforts of the persons confined in the prisons of Madrid, has expended 61,140 reals. The Pledge-house (el Sacro y Real Monte de Piedad) has assisted 12,171 persons, with the sum of 1,619,580 reals. (This establishment, since its institution in 1724, has had 547,575 masses for souls read.) In the nineteen parishes, there were 1,598 marriages; the number of births was 4,478, and of deaths 3,283, including those in the two principal hospitals; but the deaths in the convents, and the other hospitals, and the children are not included;—1,086 children were taken into the Foundling Hospital, of whom 815 were baptised. This makes the number of births nearly 6,000.

### Fine Arts.

THE Royal Academy closed its exhibition on Saturday, and it is stated to have been more productive, by the amount of 1,000, than any former season. We trust that this increase of wealth to an already rich body will prompt it to show greater signs of vigour in its corporate capacity than have recently been ostensible. The artists of other nations are seen at Rome, enabled to pursue their studies, and acquiring all the knowledge which Italy so abundantly offers; but where are the British endowments? If we have students there, they are individually supported. The Literary Gazette has contained a few casual notices of natives of its country struggling into eminence among the foreign competitors for fame—and except this, they have been, in so far as the public are informed, nameless. Is it not more the duty of a Royal Institution, than of a weekly journal, to espouse the cause of rising merit, and direct, with the weight of its authority, the attention of the world, to the efforts of British genius? We are not aware that the Royal Academy does any thing in this important respect. We have heard of no young men of promise sent forth under its auspices to pursue their career in the way most favourable to ultimate perfection; yet this, we believe, was one of the primary objects of its royal establishment. Good fortune has no doubt given us grand opportunities for improvement at home, and it is well for our arts that it has; but this ought rather to stimulate to every other species of "appliances to boot," than induce us to relax in all. We throw out these suggestions without meaning to cast any reflection on the Royal Academy. We

dare say it does much good; but its light, which is hid under a bushel might as well (inasmuch as the advancement of painting and sculpture are concerned) be total darkness.

### Original Poetry.

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE ON THE PROSPECT OF  
PEACE—BY J. T. FITZADAM.

Author of the "Battle of Algiers."

(Written after Buonaparte's Abdication in 1814.)

IS there a harp, whose string erewhile,  
Rung Pæan to the battle-broil,  
And by the patriot's beauteous bier,  
Blest the cold, closing, low-laid, ear,  
Which, stilly set, lived, lingered yet,  
That last, proud sound to hear—  
Or, tuned to deeper measures, gave  
Due dinges to the buried brave,  
Dispensing spell so dear, so wild,  
That, soothed her sorrows to forego,  
The mother half forgot her child,  
Thro' holiest tears the widow smiled,  
And almost loved her woe.—  
Oh, let such harp to higher theme  
Give all its song—give all its soul—  
No tyrant's dark and frantic dream  
Now bids its anger roll—  
To patriot low—to lofty deed  
Paid is the lyre's immortal meed;  
Then from its boss remove  
The laurel braid, the cypress bough,  
A lovelier symbol shades it now,  
The leaf of peace and love!

Sweeter swell its tones beneath  
The olive and the myrtle wreath;  
Sarmount that wreath with England's flower,  
The regal rose from Windsor bower,  
And let one shamrock smile between,  
The loveliest of the land of green—  
(Land of the brave, of Wellington!  
Her patriot chief—her hero son);

And mingle there the lily fair  
New risen on the banks of Seine;  
Sweeter breathe the strings beneath  
The shade of that Elysian wreath,  
Hark! the song of peace and love,  
Hark, the holy minstrelsy,  
Earth below, and heaven above,  
Join the blessed jubilee.  
Hands, that war and hate were steeling,  
Gladly knit in mutual healing,  
Deadliest foes are now caressing,  
Every heart is blest, and blessing,  
Earth below, and heaven above,  
Echo mercy, echo love!

To Britain first and chief belong,  
Those blessings, and that sacred song;  
But where the muse of fire  
Whose seraph lip such theme may try,  
More than heroically high,  
And tell it to the lyre?  
Tell how she stood, above the flood,  
That rushed o'er Europe's prostrate powers,  
That wrapt in ruin and in blood,  
Her temples and her towers.  
She stood, and sternly, proudly met  
That mountain burst with mightier bar;  
To its chafed surge due limit set,  
Flung back afar, and farther yet,  
The idly-foaming war!  
Dashed from her rooted base amain  
The billow, thundering there in vain.  
Loud from her sea-girt citadel,  
Rang out her shield the larum-peal,

And flashed the lightning of her steel.  
Still in the breach, or in the van,  
She struck for freedom, and for man;  
Twined on her fortress isle sublime,  
A signal light to every clime,  
Lifting a lone, but lovely, beam,  
At once to rally, and redeem,  
Like Joshua's pausing victor-sun,  
Blazed forth her lion-fang unfurled;  
She fought, she greatly fought, and won  
The battle of the world!

By Correspondents.

BONNET, WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS.

The mellow ev'ning in the West appears,  
And busy crowds along the fields are seen,  
Whilst here and there, more sober made by  
years,

Yet, thinking still of pleasures that have been,  
The slower couples strike the pensive eye,  
And fix the mind in meditative mood,  
Whose sacred thoughts incessantly supply  
Food suited to the taste of Solitude:  
For here, though sick, and vainly courting rest,  
From scenes like these I gather sweet del-  
light,

And find that man, if virtuous, may be blest,  
When Health has almost vanish'd from his  
sight;  
Find that Contentment only can endure  
In hearts resign'd, and innocent, and pure.  
J. G.

TO THE MOON.

Beloved Moon! I court thy placid beams,  
And watch thee with ineffable delight,  
Because, in thy soft fascinating gleams  
Another virgin animates my sight!  
And when I look upon thy cloudless form,  
And think of days irrevocably fled,  
She seems to rise, in all her beauty warm,  
From the dark chambers of the silent dead:  
Thou, and that maid, were sisters of one sky,  
But she has left thee for a brighter sphere;  
Left thee, fair Moon! to mark with moody eye  
The joyless state in which I now appear:  
Yet, while thou shinest in yon azure space,  
I see her pure incomparable grace!

J. G.

Kilbourn, June, 1821.

SERENADE.

Awake! awake!

I have hasten'd my love—over hill and dale,  
Nor linger'd a moment adown in the vale,  
Tho' music came floating along the gale,  
And the nightingale on the linden tree  
Was pouring forth his melody—  
Oh, what were his wildest notes to me?  
'Twas thy sweet voice I long'd to hear,  
Falling in richness on my ear,  
'Twas thy fair cheek I long'd to see,  
On which tho' the lily's paleness shed,  
Yet the rose bath ting'd with its softest red—  
Fear not, my love—the chill-night breeze  
Which swept so rudely among the trees,  
And over the mountain bleakly rush'd  
And ripp'd the cold blue wave—is hush'd:

Only a gentle murmur keeping,  
Like the breath of an infant sleeping;  
And the envious cloud which dimm'd awhile  
The lustre of the moon's pure ray,  
Like the cloud of the mind before thy smile  
Has hastily flitted away.—  
And again she shines so clear and bright,  
Tipping the flow'rs with pearly light,  
Which cluster within thy balcony,  
Climbing about luxuriantly,

And borrow their sweet perfume from thee:—  
And in yon wave's light crystal spray  
Again her young beams glitt'ring play,  
And ere she sink behind the hill,  
She lingers—oh! she lingers still,  
Till thou hast ris'n, and in her place,  
To bless the world with thy lovely face.  
Awake! awake!

Mr. Editor:—The following lines are at your service, should you think fit to publish them. They were composed last Autumn on the dickey of a berlin, as it rolled over a rising ground between Aix and Organ, in the south of France. The evening was most beautiful, and the sun was just sinking, when I looked back on the Mediterranean for the last time. There is no affectation in the lines, and that is all that can be said for them. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, and constant reader,

VIATOR.

'Tis the sea of past ages that fades on my sight,  
The sea of the poet, the seer, and the knight;  
Where Virgil hath sung, where Israel hath  
pray'd,  
Where Richard hath cross'd to the holy  
crusade.

Farewell, then, first sea of the wise and the  
brave!  
Of all that was mighty, the cradle and grave;  
For the slave and the bigot now skulk on thy  
shore,  
Where the Greek and the Roman trod proudly  
before.

Farewell! and with sorrow I bid thee adieu,  
Thou spell that hast rous'd my young feelings  
anew;  
For still would I wish thee, bright vision, to  
last,  
That threw o'er the present the charm of the  
past.

Though thy brightness is faded, thy glory is  
fled,  
Oh! still would I muse o'er thy great that are  
dead;  
Though the land that I seek is now Freedom's  
home,  
Her birth-place was Athens, her station was  
Rome.

I have sail'd o'er thy bosom, thou sea ever  
blest,  
With fulness and strength from the deeps of  
the west;  
I have gaz'd on the hues which its heaving  
unfold,  
Thou mirror of heaven's own azure and gold.

May thy spirit pursue me when far from thy  
side,  
And grant my fix'd purpose may ne'er know  
a tide;  
With thy best and thy bravest still urge me  
to vie,  
Like thy sages to live, like thy heroes to die!  
Monday, May 7.

### Sketches of Society.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.—No. XXI.

Paris, July 1st, 1821.

The French journals have lately said a great deal about a new work, by M. de Maistre, intitled *Soirées de St. Petersburg*. This M. de Maistre is the brother of the author of the *Voyage autour de ma Chambre*, a humorous little production, which obtained



great success in France and elsewhere. It is a common supposition with us, that an author cannot write wittily in French unless he be a resident of Paris; but De Maistre, who was a Piedmontese by birth, and established at St. Petersburg, proved that it is not impossible for a man of wit and taste, though out of Paris, to write like a Parisian. The present M. de Maistre is a man totally different from his brother; he is a serious, and, occasionally, a profound writer. He is the author of a work on the French Revolution, intitled *Considerations sur la France*, which has gone through almost as many editions as the little *Voyage* of his brother. Some time ago, however, M. de Maistre joined the *Ultra* party, and, I believe, he even goes further than the most furious *Ultras*, which is saying a great deal. He has turned very pious, and in his *Traité on the Pope* endeavours, seriously, to prove that the Holy See has not yet one-half the authority which it ought to possess, in order to render us perfectly happy and tranquil. Even the few *Ollramontani* who are in France, regard the ideas of M. de Maistre as extravagant and ridiculous; all the world knows, that the French people have ever firmly contended for the liberty of the Gallican church. In M. de Maistre's new work, *Les Soirées de St. Petersburg*, religion and politics are whimsically blended together. The author quotes largely from the Bible. He would have sovereigns to treat their subjects like children at school; and he now and then advises us to restore the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Because M. de Maistre preaches in favour of despotism, our *Ultras* extol the work as a *chef d'œuvre*. It is, however, but justice to add, that amidst all this extravagance, some just opinions and uncontradictable truths occasionally appear; but they are very thinly scattered, and good sense is not the most prominent portion of the work.

A M. de Montgaillard has just published a *Sketch of the Revolution*, which is also a very singular work. The author is out of humour with almost every body; he declaims against Talleyrand, and against Carnot; he condemns Liberals, *Ultras*, and Ministerialists; he can find only two or three distinguished men in the present age, and these are rather obscure and common-place kind of personages. M. de Montgaillard has a brother, who was formerly attached to the police of Buonaparté, and who, by order of his master, annually published a large volume, to prove that England was on the eve of bankruptcy. These volumes, which the public despised, obtained pompous eulogiums in the *Moniteur*, and brought good sums of money to the pockets of the author. After the fall of Napoleon, and some days before the return of the King to Paris, a friend of M. de Montgaillard, happening to meet him, pitied his fate, and asked him how he intended to elude the persecution of which he would doubtless be the victim. "I have provided against that evil," coolly replied the prophet of England's bankruptcy, while at the same time he drew from his pocket a letter from the court, requesting that he would continue his secret and important services to the new govern-

ment. "It must be confessed," exclaimed his friend with surprise, "that you are a clever fellow!"

A short time ago, there was published, a *History of the Constituent Assembly*, by M. Lucretelle. This author possesses some portion of the address of M. de Montgaillard. Under the reign of Buonaparté he published a *History of the Eighteenth Century*, up to the period of the Revolution. Throughout this work Buonaparté is flattered as the terminator of the Revolution, the restorer of public order, and the founder of a new state of things, infinitely superior to the old. The History of the Constituent Assembly is merely a continuation of this work; but as in the interval between the commencement and the sequel of the publication, a change of government has taken place in France, the historian has also changed his opinions, and in the new volumes, the old order of things is represented as excellent, and those who wish to reform it are called rogues and fools. This book has obtained great praise in some of the journals. In the first volume, M. Lucretelle discusses, somewhat at length, the question of, whether Mr. Pitt contributed to stir up the French Revolution. The following are the author's conclusions: "I do not think that Mr. Pitt brought about our misfortunes; but I am convinced, that he must often have said, 'Let us see how the crimes and follies of our neighbours may be rendered serviceable to England.' No man knew better than Mr. Pitt how to conceal what was passing in his mind. He beheld the misfortunes of the King of France, and yet in the solemn discussion of parliament, his eloquent lips were never opened to deplore the misery, or to honour the virtues of his majesty. Amidst the terrible shock which made all Europe tremble, he seemed to point out to the English, as the sole object of their political consideration, the necessity of closing the road to Constantinople against the Russians, and of limiting their conquests." The author next proceeds to blame the *reserve* and *cold neutrality* of the English minister.

At the *Theatre des Variétés*, a new piece has lately been produced entitled *L'Auberge du Grand Frédéric*, the subject of which is, the well-known anecdote of Voltaire having quitted the court of the King of Prussia, and being arrested, with his niece, at Franckfort, by order of the Philosophic King. The Burgomaster makes his appearance to arrest the great author in the name of the king. Voltaire is confounded, and asks whether he has heard the message rightly. The Burgomaster repeats, that he arrests him in the name of the king, upon which Voltaire replies:

Au nom du Roi!  
Ce nom sera sacré pour moi;  
Mais en vérité, je regrette  
Qu'il soit permis d'être aussi bête  
Au nom du Roi.

The lines were loudly applauded, and the audience seemed to apply them mentally to certain gentlemen of the present day, who always speak in the name of the king.

## PICTURE OF MADRID.

Madrid, May 14, 1821.

FISCHER, in his Picture of Madrid, says, "whoever would make himself thoroughly acquainted with the bigotry of a certain religious party, should visit Madrid every Lent." I have now seen Madrid in Lent, without being at all disturbed by the bigotry of the Spaniards. That to-day brother Antonio preached in this place, to-morrow Doctor Tamago in another, at which Fischer appears to have been so scandalized, did not seem objectionable to me, and I only lamented that these sermons were not more edifying. "The most entertaining," continues Fischer, "are the missionaries, as they are called, who are used to go every week from one parish church to another, and frequently preach in the streets, especially on Sunday evenings. From their dark brown faces, their violent gesticulation, and their bellowing voices, you would imagine you had maniacs before you. To this must be added the substance of their discourses. Every thing is named in plain terms, and painted in the most lively colours; the most scandalous anecdotes, the most horrible crimes, are related without reserve or palliation. One must have heard them to form an idea of their holy rage." I cannot form an idea of these mountebanks, having never seen them, as they have long since vanished out of Spain. Nothing puts you in mind of Lent; even the theatres were open again for several weeks; and as for the Shrove tickets (certificates of having been confessed), nobody asks after them.

These changes do not proceed, however, from the introduction of the constitution, as one might perhaps be tempted to believe, but they are the natural consequence of the gradual development of what constitutes the essence and dignity of religion. At any rate, it is owing to the constitution that a *rosario* passing through the streets is met by a band of music, which plays the *Tragala* and *Lairon*, by which a priest in the hands of justice is mocked at in the most indecent terms; humanity is probably as little served by these *canciones patrióticas* as religion by these unedifying *rosarios*.

At length came Palm Sunday, with its graceful branches of the date palm. The respectable citizens, to whom strong recollections are sacred for centuries, adorned as usual their rooms and balconies with these significant emblems of martyrdom and eternal bliss. The poor man expended his last farthing for a palm branch, and the children of the streets of Fuencal and Hortaleza saluted each other as they marched in procession with these symbols of heavenly peace. In our days, when public opinion, as it is called, so frequently exclaims to-day, "Crucify him," against many a one whom it yesterday adorned with wreaths of triumph and civic crowns, these palms ought to remind some persons of the completion of the victory of the good cause by martyrdom.

Good Friday did not much edify me. The bells indeed were silent; no coaches rattled through the streets; the muffled drums sent forth a dead and mournful

sound; but in the countenances and manner of the inhabitants, especially of the women, I saw none of that devout melancholy, which the recollection of the sufferings of the Redeemer of mankind, solemnized at this season by the church, ought to inspire in every feeling mind. The people ran from one church to another, not, as a certain traveller thinks, to hear mass (none being performed on this day) but to see what are called the holy sepulchres. The cenotaphs usually erected, have nothing of the awful and striking character which I have sometimes seen in Germany: I nowhere heard any solemn cantatas. As you may be sure on this day to see in the streets and in the churches, all the handsome women and fine girls that Madrid can produce, not excepting even those whom jealous husbands and careful mothers keep perpetually concealed, all the young men repair to the church-doors. And as the ladies, on their side, are sure of being observed on this day, they doubly practise all the arts of coquetry. In fact, I have never seen the women of Madrid more beautiful—more attractive—more seducing. The king performed on Holy Thursday the usual feet-washing, with edifying devotion. The customary processions were not allowed to take place this year as it was feared that disturbances would arise, and it was wished, at least, not to give any occasion for them.

Easter-day, to which the Germans attach a certain festal character, by putting on their best clothes, and appearing for the first time in their coloured spring dress, was here scarcely distinguished from a working-day, much less from any other holiday. The innumerable booths with eatables, the wine-houses, &c. are open the whole day: the *Ciudadanos* occupy the Puerta del Sol, with their baskets full of newspapers; the aguador carries his jugs of water from house to house; in short, every thing goes on in its common course. The theatres are opened, and the first bull-fight attracts a countless multitude to the amphitheatre. The long broad street of Alcala is crowded with people, all hastening to the Circus, to be in time for the exhibition. Eight bulls of the celebrated race are to be sacrificed. Among the amateurs, nothing had been talked of since the morning but the excellent matadores. One extols his favourite; another praises the superior qualities of his. I love national games, and hitherto I have always defended the bull-fights against those who would banish them as cruel exhibitions.

The Circus is filled with innumerable spectators, all talking, moving, and making a noise: from amidst the confusion you only hear, now and then, the cry of the waterseller, *Quien quiere agua?* or a piercing "*El Navarero!*" It strikes four o'clock, and the procession begins. Half a squadron of chasseurs on horseback, having at their head the alcaide, with two alguazils, in the ancient Spaniards' costume, clear the Circus of the people who have hitherto thronged it. The *Picadores*, in their half-moorish dress, the *Banderilleros*, in the magnificent Andalusian costume, and the proud *Matadores*,

enter the lists. The barriers are opened, and the savage bull rushes in. But excuse me from describing the sanguinary scene which now ensues. More than once I have averted my eyes from the revolting sight; and I can explain why the word *murder* excites no horror in a Spaniard; he utters it a thousand times with sensations of the highest satisfaction and pleasure.

Perhaps the reader may thank me if I extract from a celebrated pamphlet ascribed to Jovellanos, "*Pan y Toros*," a passage relative to these bull-fights.

"The bull-fights," he says, "are links in the chain of our social existence, food for our patriotism, and the laboratories of our national manners. Those festivals, which characterize us and distinguish us from all the nations in the world, combine all the instruction and entertainment that can be desired;—they moderate our wild desires, enlighten our ideas and notions, make us more gentle and humane, dispel our love of activity, and prepare us for great and noble deeds: all the arts and sciences tend to their perfection; and they, on their side, contribute to the improvement of the arts and sciences. They give even the lower classes an opportunity for dissipation and idleness, which are a blessing, and hinder labour and activity, which are an evil: they assist the hospitals, those monuments which do honour to modern nations, by furnishing them not only with funds to relieve the sick, but also with patients to spend the funds, that is to say, the two things indispensably necessary to the existence of an hospital: they mortify the body by fatigue, and by the endurance of inconveniences, and steel the mind by the view of the most frightful and horrid scenes. He who has accustomed himself to see in cold blood how a man is tossed into the air, or ripped open by the horns of a bull—how his entrails hang out, and the earth is stained with his blood; to see how a wounded horse throws his rider—how its bowels roll out—and how it writhes in the agonies of death; he who is used to this, will surely never fear an affray or a battle. Who can help entertaining a very exalted idea of our nobles, who spare no pains to arrange these barbarous spectacles—who honour the bull-fighter—reward desperation and madness, and take under their especial protection the most despicable individuals in the state? Who is not delighted at the sight of a countless multitude, where the two sexes are promiscuously mixed; the wife of the low publican next the consort of a grandee; the barber next the duke; the prostitute by the side of the respectable matron, the layman next the ecclesiastic; where prodigality, indecency, shamelessness, dissipation, presumption, folly, every vice, in short, which humanity and reason abhor, appear in all their lustre; where the voluptuous petit-maitre excites incautious innocence, by unbecoming postures and shameful expressions; where the dishonourable husband confides his wife to the disgracing arm of the Cortizo; where the rude Majo boasts his insolence; where the dirty fire-worker holds language more filthy

than himself; where the eternal senseless noise stuns every head; where you are almost stifled in the crowd, with pushing, dust, and heat; where you breathe the fumes of tobacco, and exhalations of various kinds? Who is ignorant of the innumerable good effects of these spectacles? But for them, the tailor, the shoemaker, the smith would wickedly pass their Monday in working; mothers would not have an opportunity of abandoning their houses and their daughters to any seducer; husbands would be deprived of the source of vexation and shame; physicians of the most productive soil for diseases; the women of the opportunity of showing their extravagance or their stupidity; the peasants of the pleasure of seeing some beasts die, which, when living, kept them in constant employ, and the whole kingdom of the advantages, which it derives from the fine pastures, which serve entirely for the race of bulls which are killed by way of pastime. These games serve as a general school; here the legislator sees the school of the corruption of morals; the source of lawsuits by which families are undone; the physician studies the living seeds of consumptions and fevers; the surgeon sees repeated sections of living bodies, dreadful wounds, cruel fractures; the philosopher observes the singular phenomenon of the electricity of the passions; the musician acquaints himself with the tones and discord of a thousand voices that rend the air, &c. Oh glorious, useful, delightful, pious games, you are the seal of our wisdom; foreigners detest you, because they do not possess you, but the Spaniard loves you, because he alone knows you."

April and the beginning of May were very cold and disagreeable, but within these few days hot weather has set in. The straw mats disappear from all the rooms, and the coloured curtains hang again over the balconies. Nature is clothed in the loveliest verdure, and Madrid seems to be metamorphosed. The streets begin to be deserted about the time of the Siesta; and the Prado is thronged every evening with company, who come to enjoy the air. In the evening, when during the winter the streets were dead, and the city like a desert, the young women appear chatting in the balconies, and the guitar sounds at the house-door. While strolling about Madrid, a person would fancy we were here in a state of profound tranquillity; but if he steps, for a moment, into the Fontana d'Oro, and sees the furious orators, standing on the tables, he soon perceives how all the passions are unchained; if he hears the spectators in the galleries of the Cortes loudly applaud the most violent speakers, and by their testimonies of approbation, induce them to still more violent expressions, he begins to be alarmed; and lastly, if he looks into the interior of numberless families, which languish in misery, because no salaries, no pensions are paid; who lament, in silence and tears, an imprisoned or exiled father or relative; or where the liberal son lives in constant strife with the servile father and the devout mother; the sight of a nation that ventures to aim at improvement by the destruction

of all existing institutions, affords a subject for the most serious and awful meditations.

On the 2nd of May, the festival in commemoration of the victims who fell in the insurrection against the French, in 1808, was solemnized. It is intended to erect a monument to their memory, and the first stone was laid on that day. The part of the Prado where the monument is to stand, will be called, in future, Campo de Lealtad. The newspapers were full of poems on these martyrs of patriotism, but none of them showed even moderate poetical talents.

### The Drama.

#### DRURY-LANE.

On Monday, our Scottish visitor, Mr. Mackay, for his benefit, repeated the part of Baillie Jarvie, sang a song written for the character, and performed Storm in *Ellen Rosenberg*. In the first he was perfect: there is not upon the stage a more just conception nor more consistent delineation. In the second he was encored, and by giving an additional verse about Mattie, gained great applause. In the third he displayed the energy and feeling of the rough, kind-hearted old invalid, and with Miss Smithson as the heroine, did not fail to extract tears from the gentler portion of the audience. His acting in this piece proved him to be very capable of a wider range in the drama than we previously suspected. Assuredly his talents are not limited to merely Scotch characters, though in a particular line of these he is eminently distinguished. Were it only as a standard of comparison, we should be glad to see Mr. Mackay established in London. None enjoy more fully than we do the rich and oily humour of some of our best comedians; but it is well to have now and then before our eyes a return to truth and nature—not a meagre outline, but such as Mr. Mackay presents, at once correct and heightened into merriment. The palate of the metropolis has been pampered into a relish for buffoonery. Nothing can be more ludicrous than the grimace of the admirable Munden, but it is only the result of much higher qualities in him, that we have come to admire even the extravagances in which he occasionally indulges. Liston is another of the same genus. He has made us laugh so often and so heartily, and he has, when he chose, done things in so inimitable a manner, that we now like him in his very distortions, in his grotesque caricatures, and in the liberties by which he sets on the barren spectators. At the same time, however, when genuine comedy is played by either of the gentlemen we have named, how much more forcibly do we feel the enjoyment. And that the general taste is not corrupted, we may further instance the gratification felt at the fine personations of Dowton, at the chaste yet truly comic exhibitions of Blanchard, and, though last not least, at the decided popularity which has attended the appearance of this northern stranger, who without friends

or party, has made so successful an appeal to the unsophisticated sense of southern houses.

On Monday, with the exception of Cooper's *Rob Roy*, the play was most wretchedly done: it seemed impossible for any actor to make a point tell among such sticks,—Mrs. Harlowe (we presume to her own great displeasure, was Helen); she would have been as good a Macbeth,—Vining was as bad in Dougal, and the rest were *ceteris paribus*.

#### COVENT-GARDEN.

The amazing crowds which run nightly to witness the Coronation at this theatre, render novelty undesirable. The play of Henry IV, acted as it is by Macready, C. Kemble, Fawcett, Abbott, Farren, Emery, and the whole strength of this superb company, ought to be of itself sufficiently attractive; but the champion's courser added,—it draws like a brewer's dray-horse.

#### HAYMARKET.

The smell of paint and mastic, has kept us more from this theatre, than as critics we ought to have been; but we can assure our gentle readers, that we have nerves, and that one night was a dose. The play-bills, which never fib, now assert that the house is aired and ventilated; and on that assurance we will venture again. This week, we can only mention the *Belle's Stratagem*, which was performed on Monday. Dori-court by Mr. Conway, was as delightful a picture of genteel comedy, and displayed as much and as varied excellence as ever belonged to the part. It seemed as if this gentleman had found his due estimation with the public, and the applause he received was constant and enthusiastic. Mr. Terry's Hardy was also of the purest water; and the female characters were adequately sustained. In the upper range the whole was a sterling old comedy, admirably represented: in the lower casts there was a sad failure.

#### ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

An afterpiece has been brought forward this week, intitled "*Twopence*." It is one of those lively productions which bids fair to be a favourite for some time, and gives opportunities to the performers, of both sexes, for light and judicious acting. It would be injustice to the meritorious management of this theatre, to detail the plot and incidents of this amusing trifle.

MADAME CATALANI.—On Saturday, a full rehearsal, and on Monday, a concert given by this incomparable songstress attracted very brilliant audiences. If possible, we think, that her powers are more ravishing than ever, or else seven years absence has imparted to them new charms. Her lower notes are more beautiful and perfect, and we could discover no diminution of her compass.

### Varieties.

Monument to be erected at Frankfort, in honour of Goethe.—Considerable sums having been already subscribed for the purpose of erecting a monument to this distinguished ornament of genuine literature, the work

will be immediately commenced. M. Hess, an architect at Frankfort, has made the design, and will superintend the execution. Goethes Burt, by the masterly hand of Thorwaldsen, is to be placed in a temple of Vesto, where the eternal fire burns. The temple will be in an island near the right bank of the maine, laid out in gardens in the English style.

#### RETURNS OF POPULATION.

At a period when a census of the population of Great Britain is prepared, the following foreign details may be thought curious. Ed.

North America. They are now engaged in the United States of North America in making a general Census of the Population, from which, as far as it has gone, there is proved to be an increase of population in every state.

The following is that of several of the principal cities:—the population of Baltimore amounted in 1790 to 12,503 souls; in 1800 it was 26,514; in 1810 it amounted to 46,535; and in 1820 to 62,627.

The city of New York had in 1800 60,489 souls; in 1810, 96,373; and in 1820, 123,706 souls.

In Philadelphia the population in 1810 was 111,210 souls; in 1820 it had 136,293 inhabitants.

The result of the census in some of the states has already been made public, from which it appears,

That in Pennsylvania the population in 1810 amounted to 810,091 souls; in 1820 to 1,046,844.

In New Jersey it amounted in 1800 to only 211,149 souls; in 1810 to 245,562; and in 1820 to 277,575.

In the state of Ohio it amounted in 1810 to only 230,760 souls; there are now 581,434.

In Maryland the population amounts to 407,300 inhabitants, of which 260,264 are whites, 39,748 free people of colour, and 107,281 slaves.

The proportion between the whites and the negroes is very different in the different states.

The population of the thirteen original states. United States of North America amounted in 1775 to 3,056,678 souls; in 1790, when there were seventeen states in the Union, it amounted to 3,928,328 souls; in 1817, when there were already twenty-two states, the population amounted to 10,405,547 souls; since which, still two provinces have been added, besides the Floridas.

During the year ending the 30th of September, 1820, there have arrived in the United States 7,001 foreigners, of which the most have settled in the country, or are bound for their passage money.

Amheim, Holland, 12th of June.—An exact Census of the Population of the province of Gelderland in 1820 has been made public, from which it appears that the births amounted to 8,494; deaths, 6,151; the marriages, 1,906, and divorces one. Thus the excess of births was 2,343. From the same statement we learn that from 1813 to 1820, both years included, the excess of births



was 18,403. During the same period there were 15,203 marriages, and only eight divorces.—The population of Gelderland is 270,659 souls; in 1796 it was 217,828, being an increase of 52,000 souls in 25 years.

Denmark.—In the kingdom of Denmark there were born in 1820, 32,376 children, among whom 3,089, were natural children. The number of deaths was 23,532. At Copenhagen the births were 2,225, including 852 natural children; the deaths, 1162.

New sort of Note Book.—A person lately deceased at Copenhagen, indulged in the strange whim of binding up in a book, a number of Bank Notes to the value of 100,000 dollars, which he used to turn over every evening at supper for his amusement.

The Roman bridge in Holland. Gröningen.—The Roman bridge, which was discovered in Holland, in 1818, is now wholly cleared from the turf with which it was surrounded. It is three miles long, and 12 feet broad. It was laid by the fifteenth cohort of Germanicus, over the marshes, in which deep beds of turf have since been formed, and, in all probability, gradually sunk into the marsh by its own weight. The resinous particles which are in the marshy soil, have probably contributed to preserve the bridge, which is entirely of wood. Every six feet there were posts to support the railing, as may be judged by the holes in which they were fixed. This great work, which consists of a judicious number of beams, appears to have been wrought with very large axes; the workmanship is admirable.

Zurich.—The Colossal Lion at Lucerne, will be finished in two months. Those who have seen the work, say it will do great honour to the artist Ahorn, who makes it after a model by Thorwaldsen. On the field of Murten, where the bone-house stood, a monumental Obelisk, from 60 to 70 feet in height, is to be erected; and on the field of St. Jures, near Basle, a monument of cast iron, in the gothic style; the expense of both is to be defrayed by voluntary subscriptions.

Pigeon-flying. Antwerp, July. — Some pigeon fanciers of this city, have sent this year, thirty-two pigeons to Orleans, where, according to a *procès verbal*, drawn up in due form, they were let loose on the 1st of July, at 25 minutes past seven in the morning. Orleans is 122 post leagues from Antwerp, and the pigeon which arrived the first, had performed the journey in seven hours and a half: five others arrived the same day, almost immediately after the first; four returned the next day; one on the third; many more would undoubtedly have returned, had not the weather been very bad. Considerable wagers were laid on the issue.

#### HE THAT FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY.

To some remarks on the curious lines of which this is one, in our No. 233, we have to add the following:

In the Morning Herald of August 1784, is an account of a wager upon these lines. Twenty to one was once betted, that they were

to be found in Butler's Hudibras. The wager occurred at 'Boote's'—Dodsley was referred to as the arbiter. This sage bookseller ridiculed the difficulty—"Every fool," said he, "knows that they are in Hudibras." "Will you be good enough then," said the witty George Selwin, "to inform an old fool, who is at the same time your wise worship's most humble servant, in what *canto* they are to be found?" Dodsley took down the volume, but he could not find the place. The next day came—with no better success—and the sage Mister Dodsley was reduced to confess, "That a man might be ignorant of the fact without being a fool."

The lines referred to, that come nearest to the mark, are in the edition of 1732. Printed for B. Moore, at the Middle Temple Gate. Canto III.

Line 220.—The Enemy was reinforce'd,  
And we disabled and unhorn'd,  
Disarm'd, unqualify'd for Fight;  
And no way left but hasty Flight,

Line 240.—"This stratagem 't' amuse our Foes  
To make an Hon'ble Retreat;  
And wave a Total sure Defeat;  
For those that Fly, may fight again,  
Which he can never do that's slain,

Line 245.—Hence timely Running's no mean Part  
Of Conduct in the Martial Art."  
Line 267, and onwards, are truly original and humorous.

"By this means when a Battle's won,  
The War's as far from being done:  
For those that save themselves, and fly,  
Go halces at least, & th' Victory;  
And sometimes, when the Loss is small,  
And Danger great, they challenge All:  
Print New Additions to their Fests,  
And Emendations in Gazettes:

Line 275.—And, when for furious haste to run,  
They durst not stay to fire a Gun,  
Have don't 't with Bon-fires, and at home,  
Made Squibs and Crackers overcome.

The article from the Herald is to be found at length in the Monthly Magazine, of about ten or twelve years ago; which says—(quoting the Herald) "The author of those beautiful lines," (he that fights, &c.) is not known; but that they are to be found in PEARCE'S Collection of Poems, Vol. III. 2nd Edition, page 84.

#### To Correspondents.

THE Coronation has so entirely absorbed our great City, that we too must claim some indulgence, this week. What we behold on Thursday (we pen this on Wednesday) it will be too late for us to describe in the current number; and the preparations &c. for the sight, the occupation of those engaged in our mechanical processes, the general bustle, and the confusion, will, we trust, plead our excuse for any inaccuracies that may occur. The remarks on Mr. Wyatt's design are necessarily postponed; it has been honoured, by adoption as a device for one of the Tickets to the Coronation.

Asbestos will find the paper he requests addressed to him, at our office.

The present No. is a specimen of our promised new Paper and Type.

ERRATA. Our stamped edition, the Literary Gazette of last week, was wrought off before the following errors were discovered and corrected in the London Literary Gazette:

pp. 435, col. 1, line 44, for euphemism read euphuism.

pp. 436, col. 3, head-line, for Southy's read Southey's.

pp. 444, col. 3, line 21, for now read thou; same page and col., line 11, from bottom, for thy read my, and line 10, from the end of same poem, for thy read the.

#### Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

##### Egyptian Tomb.

THIS extraordinary Exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, continues open every day, from 11 till 6.—Admittance 1s.

##### British Institution, Pall Mall.

THE GALLERY is now OPEN, with a Collection of the Works of the Ancient Masters, from Ten in the morning until Six in the evening.

Mr. West's Picture of "CHRIST HEALING the SICK" is also placed in the Gallery, with a Proof to shew the advanced state of the Plate, and which Mr. HEATH has assured the Directors shall be completed immediately.

(By order,) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper. Admittance 1s.—Catalogue 1s.

Price 4s. each, or 21s. the set, SIX COLOURED VIEWS OF CHELTENHAM, drawn on Stone, by Mr. EGERTON; consisting of the Assembly Rooms and Williams's Library; the Original Montpellier and Sherborne piers; the New Church and Crescent.

Published by G. A. Williams, Librarian, Cheltenham and Rowney and Foster, Rathbone-place, London.

##### New Pinno Forte Music.

THE favourite AIRS in ROSSINI'S Opera, IL TURCO IN ITALIA, arranged for the Piano Forte, by T. LATOUR, B. 1 and 2, each 2s. Ditto in "Il Barbier di Sevilgia," by ditto B. 1, 2s. Latour's new Imitations of Eminent Composers, 6s. Ditto Variations, on Le Petit Tambour, 4s. Noddy's Sonata, Op. 3, 2s. 6d. Ditto Military Air with Variations, 3s. 6d. Ditto Fantasia, Op. 4, 4s. And the favorite Quadrille Rondos by the most eminent Authors, No. 1 to 6, each 2s. 6d.

Sold by Chappell and Co. Music-sellers to his Majesty, No. 50, New Bond-Street.

#### BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

In 12mo. price 2s. bound,

A CLUE for YOUNG LATINISTS, and NON-LATINISTS, to Trace the original Forms and Signification of Nouns and Verbs, from their Terminations, alphabetically arranged, with Explanatory References to the Grammar. By JOHN CAREY, LL.D. London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown.

Of whom may be had, by the same Author, SCANNING EXERCISES for Young Prosodians, price 4s. bound.

LATIN PROSODY MADE EASY, price 7s. 6d. bound.

CLAVIS METRICO-VIRGILIANA, price 1s. 6d. bound.

The ETON LATIN PROSODY, illustrated, price 1s. 6d. bound.

ALPHABETICAL KEY to "Propria Quæ Maribus," price 2s.

SKELETON of the LATIN ACCIDENCE, price 1s.

Price 3s. 6d.

CASES of TIC DOULOUREUX successfully treated. By BENJAMIN HUTCHINSON, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London. London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown.

"The acquisition of such a remedy for any form of disease, however slight, could not be regarded with indifference. For a malady so distressing, and often invincible by all the means by which it had been formerly combated, as Tic Douloureux, it must be contemplated with a degree of gratification almost equal to that with which Hippocrates viewed the skeleton of a human body. Mr. Hutchinson's pretensions are never incongruous to the modesty of the title page of his Literary Essay, and it appears from his observations, that the remedy has invariably produced considerable relief in this excruciating disease, if not a perfect cure."—*Vide the London Medical and Physical Journal*, May, 1826.

"We should not do Mr. Hutchinson the justice to which he is so fully entitled, were we to conclude this article without recommending his pamphlet to the attention of those readers who may feel interested in the subject. The history he has given of the disease is very interesting; and the manner in which he has related the cases, clearly evince that his only object is, to communicate information that is likely to lessen the sum of human misery."—*Vide the Journal of Health*, May, 1826.

In 12mo., price 7s. boards, the second edition of  
**THE ART OF INVIGORATING AND PRO-  
 LONGING LIFE**, by Food, Clothes, Air, Exer-  
 cise, Wine, Sleep, &c., and Pædic Precepts, pointing  
 out agreeable and effectual methods to prevent and relieve  
 Indigestion, and to regulate and strengthen the action of  
 the Stomach and Bowels. By the Author of "THE  
 COOK'S ORACLE." &c.  
 Published by Hurst, Robinson, and Co., London; and  
 A. Constable and Co. Edinburgh.

In 12mo., price 9s. boards,  
**THE COOK'S ORACLE**: containing Re-  
 cipe for Plain Cookery on the most Economical  
 Plan for private families; also, the art of composing the  
 most simple, and most highly-finished broths, gravies,  
 soups, sauces, store sauces, and flavouring essences:  
 the quantity of each article is accurately stated by  
 weight and measure: the whole being the result of  
 actual experiments instituted in the kitchen of a phy-  
 sician. The Third Edition, which is almost entirely re-  
 written.

Printed for A. Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and  
 Hurst, Robinson, and Co. Cheapside, London.

For practical receipts we recommend particularly  
 chiefly Apicius Redivivus, or the Cook's Oracle, in  
 which, along with the plainest directions, there is more  
 of philosophy, and, if we may so speak, of the literature  
 of *Gastronomie*, than in any work we have seen. —*Suppl.*  
*to Encyc. Britan. article Food.*

"Those of our readers who have been used to the im-  
 perfect and barbarous nomenclature of Mrs. Glass, and  
 who have watched the recent progress of the science in  
 this country, will be surprised at the rapid strides which  
 have been made towards the improvement of the art of  
 Cookery; and we may venture to prophesy, that the  
 Cook's Oracle will be considered as the English institute  
 of cookery, and may well earn for its author the proud  
 title of Apicius Britannicus. The receipts were actually  
 written down by the fire-side, with a spit in one hand,  
 and a pen in the other; the author submitting to a labour  
 no preceding cookery-book maker ever attempted to en-  
 counter; having eaten every receipt before he set it down  
 in his book, and no composition being inserted without  
 the *approbation* of an enlightened and indefatigable  
 Committee of Taste, composed of profound palatists." —  
*Edinburgh Review*, No. 69.

Price 7s.  
**A LETTER from a GRANDFATHER to**  
 his GRANDSON, an Articled Clerk, pointing  
 out the right Course of his Studies and Conduct, during  
 his Clerkship, in order to his successful Establishment  
 in his Profession. By JACOB PHILLIPS, Esq. of the  
 Inner Temple, Barrister at Law.  
 Sold by Wilson, Law Bookseller, Essex-street, Strand;  
 and by all other Booksellers.

THE CONVEYANCER, No. 10, will be pub-  
 lished in Michaelmas Term.

Midsummer Vacation—To Schoolmasters  
 exclusively.

**A CATALOGUE OF DICTIONARIES**,  
 Grammars, Greek and Latin Classics, and other  
 School Books; together with a selection of the best  
 works, adapted for the improvement and recreation of  
 Young Persons, in elegant Bindings, as Presents or School-  
 Reward Books, which are now selling wholesale, by  
 Lackington, Hughes, Harding, Mavor, and Lepard,  
 Finsbury-square. In this New Catalogue, the publishers  
 have the satisfaction to inform Schoolmasters, the  
 prices of many of the articles have been considerably  
 reduced.

A New School Book.

Price 4s. neatly bound,  
**CONVERSATIONS ON ENGLISH GRAM-  
 MAR**: in a series of Familiar and Entertaining  
 Dialogues between a Mother and her Daughters; in  
 which the various Rules of Grammar are introduced and  
 explained in a manner calculated to excite the attention  
 of Children, and at the same time to convey to their  
 minds a clear and comprehensive idea of the general  
 principles of Language. By Mrs. WILLIAMS.

"This volume demands our decided approbation, and  
 we recommend it with confidence to public patronage  
 and support, as being admirably adapted to communi-  
 cate to the tender mind correct ideas of the rudiments of  
 grammatical knowledge." —*Fide Imperial Magazine*,  
*April*, 1821. See also criticisms equally favourable,  
 in the *Monthly Magazine*, *Ladies Museum*, *Literary*  
*Chronicle*, &c.

London: Printed for Lackington, Hughes, Harding,  
 Mavor, and Lepard, Finsbury-square. Of whom may be  
 had, by the same Author, her Syllabic Spelling Book;  
 or, A Summary Method of Reading, by which any Child  
 of four or five years old, may be taught to read the Eng-  
 lish Language with ease and pleasure, in the course of a  
 few months. Second Edition, with numerous copper-  
 plates, price 4s. 6d. Also a cheap edition, for the use of  
 Preparatory Schools and Charitable Institutions, with  
 wood cuts, price 1s. 6d.

New School Geography.

Price 5s. bound, third edition, greatly enlarged and  
 improved; to which is, for the first time added, a Map  
 of Geographical Deductions.

**ELEMENTS OF UNIVERSAL GEOGRA-  
 PHY**, Ancient and Modern. To which are added,  
 Historical, Classical, and Mythological Notes. By A.  
 PICQUOT, Paddington House.

"This is a useful and well-judged little work; it has  
 been Mr. Picquot's object to discard from the elementary  
 study of Geography every thing superfluous, and he has  
 succeeded in compressing an immense quantity of detail  
 into a convenient and manageable compass." —*Vide*  
*Eclectic Review*.

London: Printed for Lackington, Hughes, and Co.,  
 Finsbury-square; and G. & W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria  
 Lane. Of whom may be had, by the same Author, pub-  
 lished this day, with plates, price 7s. **ELEMENTS OF**  
**ASTRONOMY**; to which is prefixed, an Historical  
 Sketch of the rise and progress of the Science.

New Latin School Books.

Price 3s. 6d. bound,  
**AN INTRODUCTION TO LATIN CON-  
 STRUING**; or, Easy and Progressive Lessons for  
 Reading, to be used by the Pupil when the first Declension  
 has been committed to Memory. Adapted to the  
 most popular Latin Grammars, but more particularly to  
 that used in the College at Eton. Designed to illustrate  
 the Inflection of the Declinable Parts of Speech; Rules  
 for Gender, Syntax, &c. with the Quantity of the Words  
 marked, and accompanied by a variety of useful Ques-  
 tions. By J. BOSWORTH, Vicar of Little Horwood,  
 Bucks.

Also, by the same Author, price 3s. 6d. bound,  
**LATIN CONSTRUING**; or, Lessons from Classical  
 Authors, with rules for translating Latin into English,  
 intended to teach the method of construing Entropius,  
 Nepos, and the higher Classics, without the help of a  
 Translation. The Quantity of the Syllables is given, and  
 Questions are appended. To which is added, a full Ac-  
 count of the Roman Calendar, &c.

London: Printed for Lackington, Hughes, Harding,  
 Mavor, and Lepard, Finsbury-square.

New Mode of Instruction.—A New School Book.

Price 3s. neatly bound,  
**THE MENTAL CALCULATOR**; being a  
 Compendium of Concise yet General Rules for the  
 ready Solution of various useful and interesting Problems  
 in Astronomy, with explanatory Illustrations, forming  
 an Epitome of the Elements of that Science. To  
 which is added, a Guide to the Constellations. By J.  
 LOVEKIN.

"This work at once forms a substitute for, and an  
 assistant to a pair of Globes; the rules for solving Astro-  
 nomical Problems are so arranged as to be easily com-  
 mitted to the memory—abstract terms being avoided.

"The Guide to the Constellations will be of infinite  
 service to youth, and may even be consulted by grown-  
 up children with advantage."

London: Printed for Lackington, Hughes, Harding,  
 Mavor, and Lepard, by whom is just published, their  
 Annual Catalogue of School Books, which it is pre-  
 sumed will be found to merit the attention of all School-  
 masters.

On Monday will be published, in one large volume, royal  
 4to. price 4s. 4s. in boards,

**THE TRAVELS OF COSMO the THIRD**,  
 Grand Duke of Tuscany, through a large part of  
 ENGLAND, in the Reign of Charles the Second (1689).  
 Faithfully translated from the original Italian Manu-  
 script in the Laurentian Library at Florence.

To which is prefixed, an original and interesting Me-  
 moir of the Life of Cosmo III. Embellished with an  
 Engraved Portrait of the Grand Duke, and Thirty-nine  
 Views of the Metropolis, Cities, Provincial Towns, and  
 Noblemen's and Gentlemen's Seats, as they existed at  
 that period, and were delineated by Artists in the suite of  
 Cosmo.

London: Printed for J. Mawman, 39, Ludgate-street.

In two vols. 8vo. price 30s. boards.

**TASSO'S JERUSALEM DELIVERED**;  
 an Heroic Poem; with Notes and occasional  
 Illustrations. Translated by the Rev. J. H. HUNT,  
 A. M. Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

London: Printed for J. Mawman, 39, Ludgate-street.  
 "Mr. Hunt's bold powers as a Translator often ap-  
 proach nearest to the grandeur and spirit of the original,  
 than any translation of the modern Classics that we pos-  
 sess." —*Monthly Review*, Sept. 1819.

"It is valuable for its ample fidelity, for its learned  
 comparison of passages in epic writers, and for the in-  
 formation contained in the notes." —*Ibid.*, June, 1819.

"It entirely supercedes every translation of the Jeru-  
 salem Deliverance which has hitherto been presented to  
 the public, and we do not hesitate to declare, that, in  
 our opinion, the Tasso of Mr. Hunt need not fear a  
 comparison with the Homer of Pope." —*British Critic*,  
*May*, 1819.

In four vols. 4to. price 7s. in boards,  
**A HISTORY OF ENGLAND**, from the  
 First Invasion by the Romans to the Accession of  
 Mary. By the Rev. JOHN LINGARD.

"Historians in general borrow implicitly from each  
 other. Mr. Lingard understands his duty better, and is  
 more scrupulous in the performance of it. He always  
 has recourse to the original authorities, and the effect may  
 be seen in every page of his narrative." —*British Review*,  
*Dec.* 1820.

(27) The fifth volume, containing the History of the  
 Reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, is in a state of great for-  
 wardness.

London: Printed for J. Mawman, 39, Ludgate-street.

In foolscap 8vo. price 5s. boards,  
**MY NOTE-BOOK**; or, Sketches from  
 the Gallery of St. Stephen's. A Poem. By  
 WILFRED WOODFALL, Esq.

—*Επίγραμμα προς ἀλλήλους.*  
 London: Printed for G. and W. B. Whittaker, 13,  
 Ave-Maria-Lane.

"The Author's talents are considerable, and his  
 hits very amusing." —*Literary Gazette*, June, 1821.

"If the perusal of this very smart little Work does  
 not produce 'cheers and laughter,' we shall hereafter  
 have no faith in our judgment, and no very valuable  
 opinion of the reader's understanding." —*Literary Chro-  
 nicle*, June 1821.

In case 7s. 6d. on rollers 9s.

**OLIVER and BOYD'S NEW TRAVELLING**  
 MAP OF ENGLAND and WALES, exhibiting  
 the different Counties, Towns, Villages, and Stages;  
 Principal and Cross Roads, Hills, Rivers, Canals, &c.  
 constructed and drawn with the greatest care, by JOHN  
 BELL, Land Surveyor.

(27) The Publishers flatter themselves that this Map  
 will, from its accuracy and moderate price, merit the  
 approbation of Travellers and the Public in general.

Published by Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and G.  
 and W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria-Lane, London.

Egan's "Life in London," completed.

Elegantly printed in royal 8vo. and illustrated with 50  
 exquisite Engravings, 11s. 6d. boards.

**LIFE IN LONDON**; or, the Day and  
 Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq., and his  
 elegant Friend, Corinthian Tom, accompanied by Bob  
 Logic, the Oxonian, in their Rambles and Spree through  
 the Metropolis. By PIERCE EGAN.

"Of the utility of such a work there can be no doubt,  
 while LONDON abounds as it does with imposture and  
 temptation. As far as it has proceeded, it is executed  
 with considerable taste and truth, and deserves to fill a  
 respectable rank among works of practical philosophy. It  
 is one of the most amusing books lately published; for  
 our own part (but perhaps we are partial), we prefer it  
 to many of the sketches of mankind which have appeared  
 since the days of the 'Spectator.' 'Le Franc Parleur,'  
 does not speak half so plainly as our hero. 'L'Hermite  
 de la Chaussee d'Antin,' leads too retired a life, and the  
 'Hermite in London,' is too dandily and vapid, to com-  
 pare with him. 'Geoffrey Croyson,' presents more  
 sketches, while Corinthian Tom gives finished portraits;  
 with all the delicacy and precision of General Bovey, he  
 unites the boldness of Rubens, and the intimate know-  
 ledge of Teniers." —*European Magazine*, Novem-  
 ber, 1820.

(27) This Original Work (without an equal for gaiety  
 and spirit since the days of Hogarth), may also be had in  
 Twelve Numbers, by one or more at a time, price 3s.  
 each. The plates designed by those eminent Artists, I.  
 R. and G. Cruikshank, are truly characteristic, and are  
 coloured from real Life.

London: Printed for Sherwood, Neely, and Jones,  
 Paternoster Row, and may be had of all Booksellers.

Mr. Malone's Shakespeare, superintended by Mr.  
 Donnell.

In a few days will be published, handsomely printed in  
 21 volumes, octavo, with two portraits, one from the  
 Chandos picture, and the other from a miniature in the  
 possession of Sir J. B. Burges, Bart. and an engraving  
 from the monument at Stratford.

**THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF WILLIAM**  
**SHAKESPEARE**, with the corrections and il-  
 lustrations of various commentators; comprehending  
 a Life of the Poet, and an enlarged History of the Stage,  
 by the late Edmund Malone. With a new glossarial  
 Index.

London: Printed for F. C. and J. Rivington, and the  
 other proprietors of Johnson and Stevens's Shakespeare.

London: Printed for the Proprietors, by T. C. HANSARD,  
 Peterborough Court, Fleet Street: Published every  
 Saturday, by W. A. SCRIPPS, at the Literary Ga-  
 zette Office, 362, (Exeter Change) Strand, and 7, South  
 Molton Street, Oxford Street; sold also by E. Mari-  
 borough, Ave-Maria Lane, Ludgate Hill; and J. Clappell  
 and Son, 98, Royal Exchange.